

THE VIGILANT TAKES TWO RACES FROM THE BRITANNIA

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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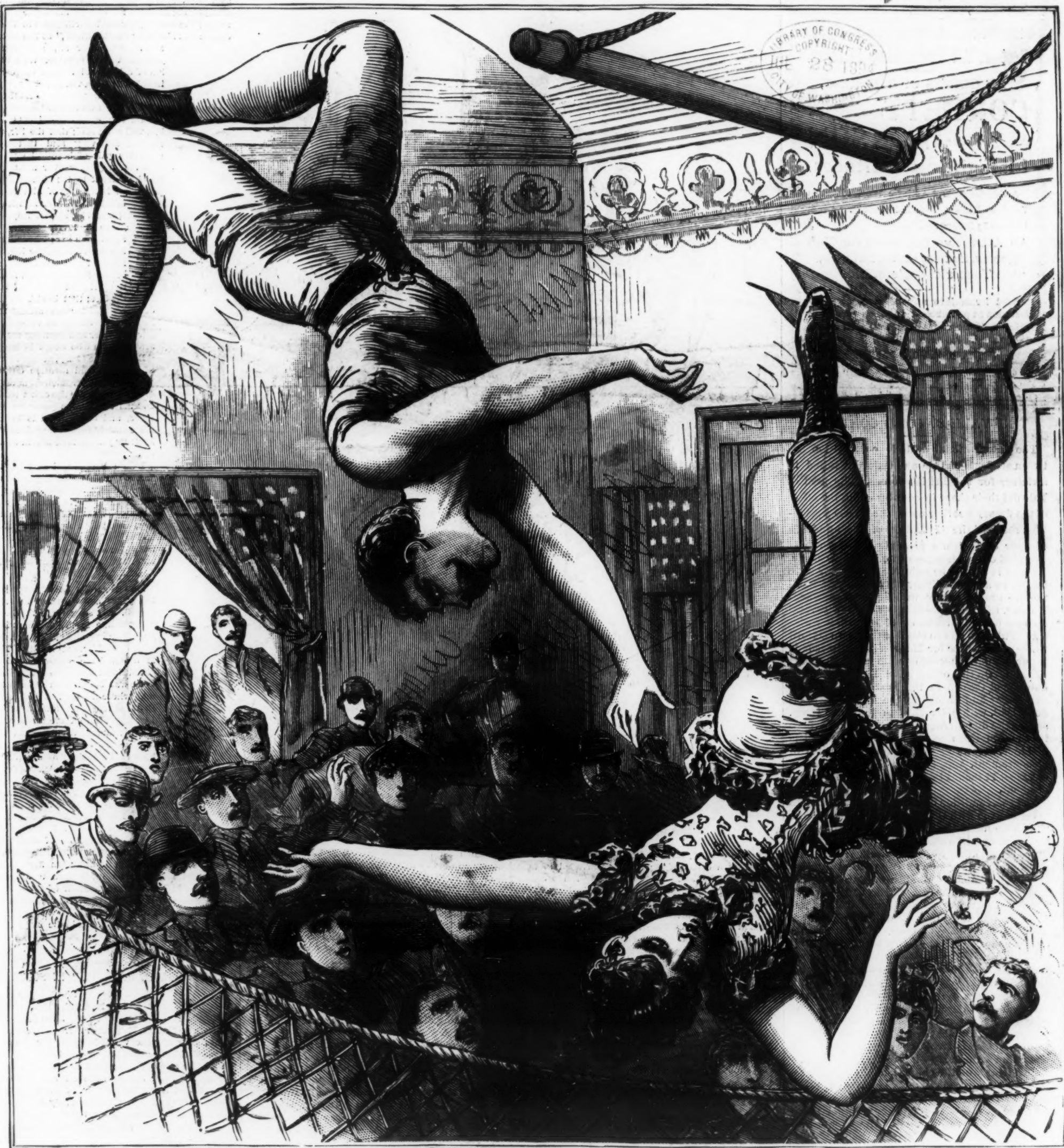
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1894.

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Price 10 Cents.



FELL FROM A TRAPEZE.

A PRETTY AERIAL ARTIST FAINTS WHILE DOING HER DARING ACT AT CONEY ISLAND, L. I.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
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THE YALE-OXFORD CONTEST.

The international athletic competition between students of Yale and Oxford resulted in a victory for the British forces. The men of Yale did their share in counteracting the effect of the dreary weather upon the 15,000 spectators, retained the admiration of the hundreds of their compatriots present, and deservedly won that of the strangers who are their hosts. There is this to be said for Yale—they were beaten by an exceedingly narrow margin in all the five events, except in the mile run, where Morgan, the only Yale competitor, was several seconds behind Greenhow of Oxford, the winner. This was due to the fact that two Oxford runners set a pace for Morgan several seconds faster than he is accustomed to in the first part of a run. On the other hand, Yale completely outclassed Oxford in the long jump, putting the weight and throwing the hammer. Sheldon's lead, with 9½ inches in the long jump, settles the disputed question of the difference in the American and English methods. His distance, according to the American rules of measurement, was 22 feet 9½ inches, instead of 22 feet 11 inches by the English official measurement.

The soft condition of the track and the infield played havoc with the form of the Americans. The Yale men are but little accustomed to heavy going, while the Oxford cranks have been inured to all kinds of atmospheric freaks during their early spring campaign. Had Jupiter Pluvius held aloof the indications are that the result would have been a win, or, at the worst, a tie, for the Americans. As it was, if Woodhull had run up to his form in the half mile the match would have resulted in a tie, with four and a half wins to the credit of each team.

Richard K. Fox, who was present at the contest, states that although it was a commendable thing for the Yale men to cross the ocean and try to prove their superiority over the champion college athletes of England, yet the time chosen for sending them seems to have been unfortunate. While the Yale team which went to England, adds Mr. Fox, was picked from the champion American intercollegiate team—Yale having won the championship this year—it was by no means a representative team of American college athletes. Harvard, Wesleyan and the University of Pennsylvania have better performers in some of the events that were decided at the Queen's Club grounds. Mr. Fox would like to see an inter-collegiate international contest for the championship of the world, and for such a competition he will donate valuable prizes and a set of championship colors to the college winning the greatest number of points.

MASKS AND FACES.

Will the Present Craze for
Living Pictures Last?

FORMER THEATRICAL FADS.

Conflicting Views of Managers About
Shapely Women.

LILLIAN RUSSELL TO SING ABROAD.

The present craze for living pictures is merely a sporadic recurrence of a fad which was general in theatrical circles about twenty years ago for statue groupings. Once started on a career of popularity, it invaded in turn nearly all of the theatres, and ultimately ran its course when the artistic character of the original groupings made place for others of inferior merit.

When "The Clemenceau Case" was originally produced at the Standard Theatre a few years ago, it was voted a failure on the first night. On the second night, however, another exponent of the character of Iza, who poses for her sculptor-husband, was substituted, and the notoriety which this actress evoked by the beauty of her appearance made the play a success, and it continued to draw crowded houses in this city and elsewhere for a considerable time afterward.

The present fad for living pictures presents to the managerial mind one important material advantage. It is cheap, for those engaged to take part in the groupings work for almost nominal salaries, no previous stage experience being required and no histrionic ability looked for. The salary paid an actress posing in one of the living pictures is substantially the same as is received by a model in a large cloak house, and varies from \$15 to \$25 a week.

But, especially at this time of the year, it is easier to secure actresses than models for the reason that appearances as a living picture leads in a good many cases to the appearance of the actress on the professional boards in a speaking part at a material increase of salary, whereas a cloak model has usually no assurance of betterment.

One good effect of the living model fad, in the general judgment of theatregoers, is the fact that it has virtually put an end to another craze—the serpentine. Loie Fuller was the pioneer in this branch of terpsichorean art, and she had more than 150 imitators, the American stage being for a considerable time almost overrun by actresses making a specialty of the serpentine dance.

Many of these performers have gone into the field of living picture models, and are, with less effort and exertion, earning about the same salaries, with every indication that the craze will last until, at least, the opening of the regular season, when, perhaps, some other fad will replace it.

Stage people are imitative by disposition, and a fad, therefore, does not enjoy usually a very long life. A few years ago Wilson Barrett made a success in London with an earthquake scene in one of his plays, and as soon as the details of the occurrence reached this side of the water American managers vied with each other in the construction of mechanical earthquakes, just as, a short time before, the success of the raft scene in "The World" stimulated all managers to have a raft scene.

It is not only the public that seems to have caught the living picture fever, but it has spread with alarming

contagion all through stageland, and every woman who can boast of a rounded arm or a shapely limb may be expected to make application to the managers of living pictures, if she has not already done so. And a good share of them, Oscar Hammerstein informed me, have already done so.

But how few can be utilized! Mr. Hammerstein said that out of two hundred girls, of all sizes and conditions, who called at his office last week, only twenty-four were available. For, no matter how beautiful may be the dainty curves of throat or limbs, an angular elbow or a homely hand disqualifies its fair owner. And as he passed over the book I was invited to see for myself how few of the women who had knocked at the door of his picture gallery were qualified to pass within the sacred portal.

"And," concluded Mr. Hammerstein, "either perfectly formed women are as scarce as snowstorms in June, or they exist among those women who do not exhibit their charms upon the stage."

Edward E. Rice, however, entertains a different opinion on this point. He declares that there are many more beautiful forms than people can possibly realize until they have gone into the business and are compelled to place themselves in the position of critic.

"They are all lovely," he declared to me recently. "The only distinction in women is that each one is lovelier than the other."

Then he and E. D. Price, his business manager, had a lively argument about a certain Venus in "1492," who, Rice contended, was of perfect proportion.

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ONE OF THE LIVING PICTURES.

"Oh, never," said Price.
"You never saw a more perfect woman from the hips down," retorted Rice.
"Oh, well, from the hips down, what does that amount to?"
"Everything," replied Rice. "The rest is easily filled in."

That may be all right, however, for the ballet, but it won't do for the pictures. Indeed, the only really essential qualifications for admittance to the ballet are a fairly pretty face, a straight nose and a passingly fair pair of hands. The rest—well, the tights manufacturers attend to the rest, and it is seldom that two pairs of tights are made alike. Some have five or six thick-nesses at the calves, or wherever the deficiencies may be, and, indeed, there are a hundred different ways and means for converting a faulty limb or a scraggy figure into a thing of beauty and a joy while the illusion lasts. But, of course, it is impossible to resort to these artifices when the sole ornaments of the lovely creature are to be nothing more extravagant than a winning smile or a blond wig.

Therefore, when one of these important vacancies is to be filled, the candidate is robed in tights and appears before a council assembled for the purpose of passing upon her merits, or lack of them. And if she be fortunate enough to possess the requisite amount of curves and dimples she is given the position and earns an exceedingly good salary in return for her exhibition of the gifts kind Providence has so generously bestowed upon her. Some managers, however, are more particular than others, and some, of course, are gifted with keener appreciation.

Edward E. Rice is said to have an exceedingly quick, sharp eye for the lights and shadows of the feminine form, and, judging from the time he spends in the wings admiring the scantily dressed participants in the "Vau-deville Club" of the "Passing Show," so has Max Freeman. But, after all, each competent judge of the trio expresses the same opinion of a beautiful form, though couched in different words. Max Freeman says:
"What is the use of a beautiful form without a beautiful face?"

Oscar Hammerstein declares it as mar-ble, without a soul; that the life, the animation, the very soul that sparkles through a pair of beautiful eyes casts a halo and a glamor over a faulty form which exalts it to the highest realms of perfection in the eyes of him who would fain be a critic. And Rice claims it would be almost impossible to judge a lovely woman's form apart from her personality. And it is the vivacity, the life, the animation that spring from the quick of the feminine soul, that light the brilliant eyes and beautify the face; that banish the thought of "lines" and "measurements," enhancing the cumbrous beauty of their fair possessor and stunning the critical sense of him who would be her judge.

But, strange to say, no one of that trio of experts could mention one woman who touched perfection from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes. The charms one woman possesses another lacks, and one woman is considered more nearly perfect than another only according to the taste of him who is her critic.

Lillian Russell will certainly sing in London under the management of Abbey & Grau, if the question of the forfeit which her present manager will demand can be settled. London is crying for a prima donna in light opera, and it is said that the lack of one there has practically brought that form of entertainment to something like a standstill.

Miss Russell's London appearances ten years ago were not notably successful. She sang there at the Gaiety Theatre late in the summer, in "Virginia," an operetta by Teddy Solomon, which failed here at the Bijou Theatre. It would have overwhelmed a less gifted singer than Miss Russell, whose voice was better then than it is now, and whose figure had just begun to show a tendency toward stoutness. Her appearance there was a complete failure; and of a subsequent tour in France the most harrowing stories came back to this country at the time. But Miss Russell may succeed now, and her beauty—beauty seems to be necessary for a woman's success on the London stage—ought to make an impression. London successes are not always easy to understand. Instances in point are the careers there of Minnie Palmer, who never attracted special attention here, Olga Brandon, who was almost unknown here, and May Yohe, who had done no more than a dozen other soubrettes in farce comedy. Each of these actresses was remarkably successful in London, and her beauty was probably the cause of it.

"Can you play a rich lord?" said the stage manager to Tottie Coughdrop.
"For all he's worth," was the quick retort.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" IN SCOTLAND.

85, Brandon St.,
MOTHERWELL, SCOTLAND,
June 18th, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq., Dear Sir:—I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for the last two years and I have derived a great deal of benefit from it. I have also received your glorious picture of James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson, and all who have seen it have praised it enthusiastically. I must say that you deserve to be well appreciated, not only for the splendid paper you publish every week, but also for the valuable trophies that you offer for contests of every description. Respectfully yours,
THOMAS CRAIG.

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Pretty Beatrice Watt's Illicit Love Ruins a Home.

WON A ROMANTIC GIRL'S LOVE

An English Innkeeper's Son Poses as a Country Squire.

A CHORUS GIRL'S DIVORCE RECORD.

Beatrice Watt is a handsome brunette who has caused more trouble than most women would care to go through with. Until recently she was the wife of George F. Watt, and she is now living with Charles Eberlein. This is the reason that the husband has sued Eberlein for \$10,000, alleging the alienation of his wife's affections. The plaintiff in the suit, which has been begun in the Circuit Court, is an old newspaper man and at present foreman for P. F. Pettibone & Co., at 48 and 50 South Desplaines street, Chicago, Ill. The spoiler of his home is the owner of the Woodbine saloon at 237 West Madison street, and is now living with Beatrice at 49 South Sangamon street.

Watt met his wife in Toronto in 1888, when he was for man of the printing part of the Toronto World. He married her on Jan. 12, 1889, and soon after the couple moved to Montreal, whither Watt went to accept the managing editorship of the Montreal Herald. The young husband earned a large salary and, being passionately fond of his pretty wife, provided her with more of the luxuries of life than most women in her circumstances enjoy. She fully appreciated them and no cloud arose to mar the happiness of their married life until they went to Chicago in September, 1891. Two years later they were living at 65 Throop street, and boarded at the same place with Eberlein. The foreman's wife caught the saloon-keeper's fancy, and it was not long before the boarders began to gossip of the attentions he showered upon Beatrice. Even after their friendship had ripened into guilty love the husband was blissfully ignorant of the invasion of his home. About May, 1893, Mrs. Watt began to stay out late nights, and the gossip about the pair at last reached the husband's ears. One night she failed to come home at all, and in the morning when she returned she found Watt pacing the floor in a state bordering on insanity. The husband says that his wife was under the influence of liquor, and a terrible family scene followed.

Mrs. Watt regretted her conduct and though the husband was convinced of her infidelity he forgave her. There was tearful making up and promises on her part to be a true and faithful wife in the future. Before this end was attained Watt had sought the aid of Attorney R. F. Pettibone, who had begun for him a divorce suit on the ground of infidelity. The bill was dismissed and for a year the couple lived happily again. The canker of illicit love had entered the heart of the wife and it was not long before Eberlein again won her away. Again she began meeting him at the saloon and coming home under the influence of liquor. One day Watt found some scraps of paper in the waste basket and patiently pasted them together. Then he learned that his wife was receiving endearing epistles from a man signing himself "C. V."

"My darling Beatrice," read the note. "Though it was but last night that I held you in my arms it seems ages. I live but for you and when you are away I am miserable. The thought that you legally belong to another, who cannot love you as I do, maddens me to desperation. Will the time ever come when we will be free to do as we please? Until then, darling, I will hope, wait and love you more and more."

A second letter was found and when pasted together was more nauseating than the first. That night Beatrice told her husband that she was going out and he determined to follow her.

She went, he says, directly to Eberlein's saloon where she stayed but a short time. When she came out the defendant was with her and the husband followed them to 49 South Sangamon street, where they remained all night. Leaving them there he sought his attorney and prepared another divorce bill. It was filed early in the morning and the papers in the case given to a deputy sheriff. Together with the husband the deputy went to the place where the husband had left the pair the night before and found them still there.

When he saw the deputy and the husband Eberlein attempted to escape, but was assured by the information that no one was going to arrest or shoot him. Beatrice, of course, wept and then fainted when served with the papers, the whole act being done in a pink nightgown. Later in the day she had the assurance to seek her husband and again plead for mercy and forgiveness. Though Watt's love for his wife was not entirely dead he told her she must leave her home and never enter it again. She did so and went straight back to the arms of the saloon-keeper where she no doubt found consolation. The divorce case was heard on June 26 and Watt got his decree with no opposition on the part of his wife. Only once since then has the plaintiff seen his Beatrice. The day after suit was begun against the saloon-keeper she sought her former husband and begged him to withdraw the suit against her paramour. Her mission did not succeed and then Eberlein wrote to Attorney Pettibone pleading poverty.

"I have nothing except the clothes on my back," he

wrote. But he has Watt's former wife and may have to pay dearly for the acquisition.

Another bogus English "gentleman" has visited New York and departed between days, nor is he likely to venture within the jurisdiction of the State courts. The Hon. Thomas E. Clatworthy, of Kenning Hall, Alcester, Warwickshire, was the name given by the well-dressed, cultured and pleasant spoken young Englishman who arrived in New York about five months ago. The fellow had money, which he displayed with considerable ostentation.

A bogus English lord without money can generally do very well in New York. On the flimsiest pretenses he can borrow, and all doors are open to him. When he comes with money and says nothing at all about "delayed remittances" or the "beastly carelessness of his stupid counselor," society not only throws open its doors, but its heart.

The family of Mr. George Hutchison, English themselves, felt highly honored early in March when the aristocratic Mr. Clatworthy took up his residence with them. He preferred home comforts and society to the bustling monotony of a hotel. Mr. Clatworthy seemed especially attracted to the society of the daughter of the house, Miss Evelyn Douglas Hutchison, a tall, handsome girl of twenty. She loved him from the start, and loved him the more when he showed photographs of a grand old manor which, he said, was Kenning Hall, his patrimony.

He talked of his father, who was the Justice of the Peace of the county and an esquire. He dwelt upon descriptions of his stately mother, who was very wealthy in her own right, but alas! in poor health. One evening he came home with a gloomy brow. His mother was ill. The next day a cablegram announced her death. A week later "his solicitor" cabled that the dying mother had bequeathed her son a small legacy of between \$2,000 and \$3,000 pounds sterling, not dollars, as he was particular to explain.

It was after this good fortune that he made a formal offer of marriage to Miss Evelyn. She accepted. To the father he talked of settlements. The father accepted. The prospect

quired of the broker through whom Clatworthy did business and found that he really was wealthy. He then sought redress in the courts and in Judge Bischoff's Court was appointed guardian ad litem of his daughter preparatory to bringing suit for breach of promise.

Mr. Hutchison was seen at his comfortable residence on West Sixty-third street. He was much chagrined that the story had got out through the publication of the court proceedings. "I never expect to set eyes on that chap again now. You newspapers have spoiled a \$10,000 job. I am informed that the scoundrel, and he is nothing else, has gone to Peoria, Ill. I told him that a dose of lead would fit his case, and I doubt if he will ever venture into New York. My wife has been seriously ill through the mortification and shame brought on our daughter by this scoundrel."

Theatrical people are said to think no more of getting a divorce than they do of eating a meal at the expense of a member of the bald-headed row. Jennie Seamans' experiences would seem to give this the semblance of truth, for Jennie has had four divorce decrees to her string, three for and one against her. Daniel has filed a bill against her in the Chicago courts, and wants to make it five. He says that Jennie can no more resist a prosperous-looking admirer than she can a sparkling glass of champagne. Three years ago she was kicking her heels in a farce-comedy company, and



SHE BEGGED HIM TO WITHDRAW THE SUIT.

ive son-in-law begged that his father-in-law would write to England and satisfy himself as to the family standing, etc. Mr. Hutchison could not bring himself to take such a step. It would imply doubt and suspicion. Once or twice, though, he had noted with surprise that the name of the photographer and all other marks had been scraped from the backs of the pictures of the Clatworthy ancestral halls.

On May 11 Clatworthy left for Chicago very suddenly, and did not return for ten days. During his absence he sent no word to his affianced, to whom he had been formally betrothed on Good Friday, March 24. The father grew suspicious and wrote to friends in England. They replied that there was no such place in Warwickshire as Kenning Hall, nor a squire named Clatworthy. The only person of that name was the son of the keeper of the White Swan Inn, at Alcester, and he was married, but separated from his wife, and had left for America early in the year, in company with a barmaid. Could Mr. Hutchison send a photograph of the suitor for his daughter's hand?

He had several of them. Clatworthy is very fond of posing before a camera. One was sent to England, and answer came back by cable: "The Clatworthy in New York and the Innkeeper's son are the same." Hutchison hunted up Clatworthy who had ceased to live with the family, and reproached him with his deception. Clatworthy denied everything, said there must be a mistake, assured Mr. Hutchison that everything would be explained, and the marriage would take place later on.

Since this Mr. Hutchison has not seen him. He in-

Pauline's Caprice.

By Emile Zola, the famous French author. No. 5 of FOX'S NATIONAL SERIES, with 146 illustrations drawn by French artists. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

ing it crazy. The shark made a spring out of the water and jumped into the boat, where it began thrashing Oakley with its tail.

Oakley fortunately managed to dodge several blows aimed at him, but a final one lifted the captain out of the seat and sent him sprawling overboard. A boat was pulled out from shore by the spectators and Oakley brought to the dock. In the meantime the shark had quieted down, and was afterward killed by a dozen bullets fired into its head by the spectators. When measured the shark was found to be six feet long and weighed 150 pounds.

SHE SMOKED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Passengers on the local train of the Harlem division of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, bound for this city one afternoon last week, were somewhat surprised to see a rosy-cheeked, handsome young woman, accompanied by a modest-looking youth, board the train at Williamsbridge, N. Y., and walk straight through to the smoking car, where she picked out a seat on the shady side and beckoned her companion to sit beside her.

She was evidently the boss of the team, for the rapid-looking young man meekly obeyed her behests with the subservient air of a menial. Her apparel further attested her independent and mannish temperament. It consisted of a long two-button cutaway coat and skirt to match of covert cloth, after the prevailing imitation of man's attire, a stiff shirt, collar and necktie, and surmounting all a jaunty straw sailor hat.

As she took her seat she swept a withering glance around the car at the many pairs of curious eyes that were eagerly watching her, and her defiant air plainly said: "You may stare to your heart's content. I'll make you open your eyes a trifle wider."

At this point a brakeman stepped up the aisle and politely requested her to take a seat in the next car, as that one was reserved for smokers.

"Well, is there any rule prohibiting a woman from smoking?" she asked in a loud voice, glaring at the astonished brakeman and at the same time lifting a cigarette from the dainty silver case she held in her hand.

"No," meekly replied the brakeman, as he wandered back to the rear of the car, while a look of blank surprise transfixed his features, as though he had seen a real, live sea serpent.

"Give me a match, Freddy," she said to the youth, and, taking the proffered lucifer, with a graceful sweep along the window ledge she lit it, held it to the cigarette and puffed away in a perfectly unconcerned manner, inhaling and blowing clouds of the bluish-white smoke into the air and languidly watching them as they melted away.

The news that there was a woman in the smoking car enjoying a cigarette soon spread through the train, and a group of interested spectators gathered in the rear of the car and watched her performance all the way down to the Grand Central Depot. Their comments were both derisive and complimentary, and some of the opinions expressed were perfectly audible to the fair smoker. She did not seem in the least disconcerted, only occasionally, when a loud laugh followed a witty remark by one of the men, she would turn around, and, with infinite contempt and scorn expressively pictured on her pretty face, mutter angrily, "You fools!"

CADETS FIGHT IN A RING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two cadets settled a quarrel early one recent morning in the ring, at West Point, N. Y. The principals in the affair were Cadet Henry Smithers, a member of the third class, who received his appointment at large, and Cadet Scales, a plebe, who entered the academy last month, being appointed from Texas. It is said that the cause of the fight was the refusal of Cadet Scales to submit to discipline, carrying his insubordination so far as to disobey orders in ranks.

At exactly 4:30 A. M. both men stepped forward and shook hands. The fight was to be to a finish, Marquis of Queensberry rules. It was give and take from the start. The fight continued until interrupted by the sound of reveille at 6 o'clock, when the referee declared it a draw. It had lasted 1 hour 30 minutes, and eighteen rounds had been fought. Both men were badly punished and both sought the doctor as soon as possible. Corporal Smithers has a badly sprained wrist, and Scales is so disabled that he cannot leave his bed.

SHE BATTLED WITH A BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Hanna Hanners, employed by J. Ungereicht, on Northwest street, Indianapolis, Ind., returned home one night just in time to surprise a burglar in the act of carrying off the family silver, which he had pilfered. The thief attempted to stand her off with a revolver, but she closed with him. In the struggle the burglar snatched the revolver twice at her. The third time it went off, and the bullet tore through the girl's arm. Seeing he was getting the worst of it, the robber broke and ran, dropping the pistol. Grabbing it up, Miss Hanners gave chase and emptied the remaining chambers at the fugitive, who escaped. The girl describes the burglar as a stylish young fellow, very well dressed.

FELL FROM A TRAPEZE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Rose Austin, the flying trapeze performer, was injured recently while performing with her brother, George, at Coney Island, L. I. She was on the bars and fainted, falling into the net. Her brother, whom she was about to catch at the time, fell with her. Their heads met in the net, rendering both senseless.

LEO CAMPBELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A charming picture of Leo Campbell appears on our theatrical page this week. Miss Campbell is a great favorite in theatrical circles, where her talent has been the subject of much favorable comment.

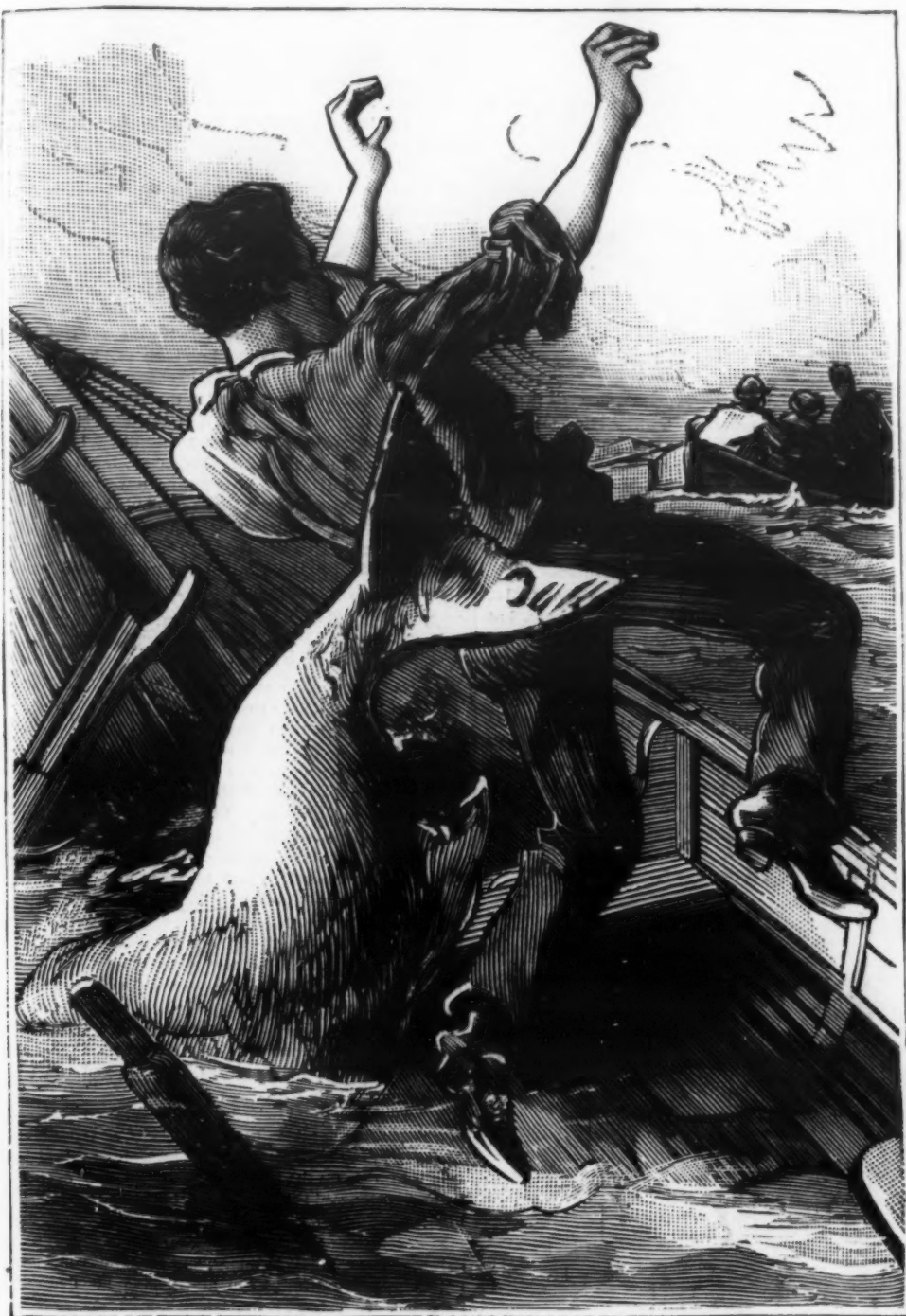
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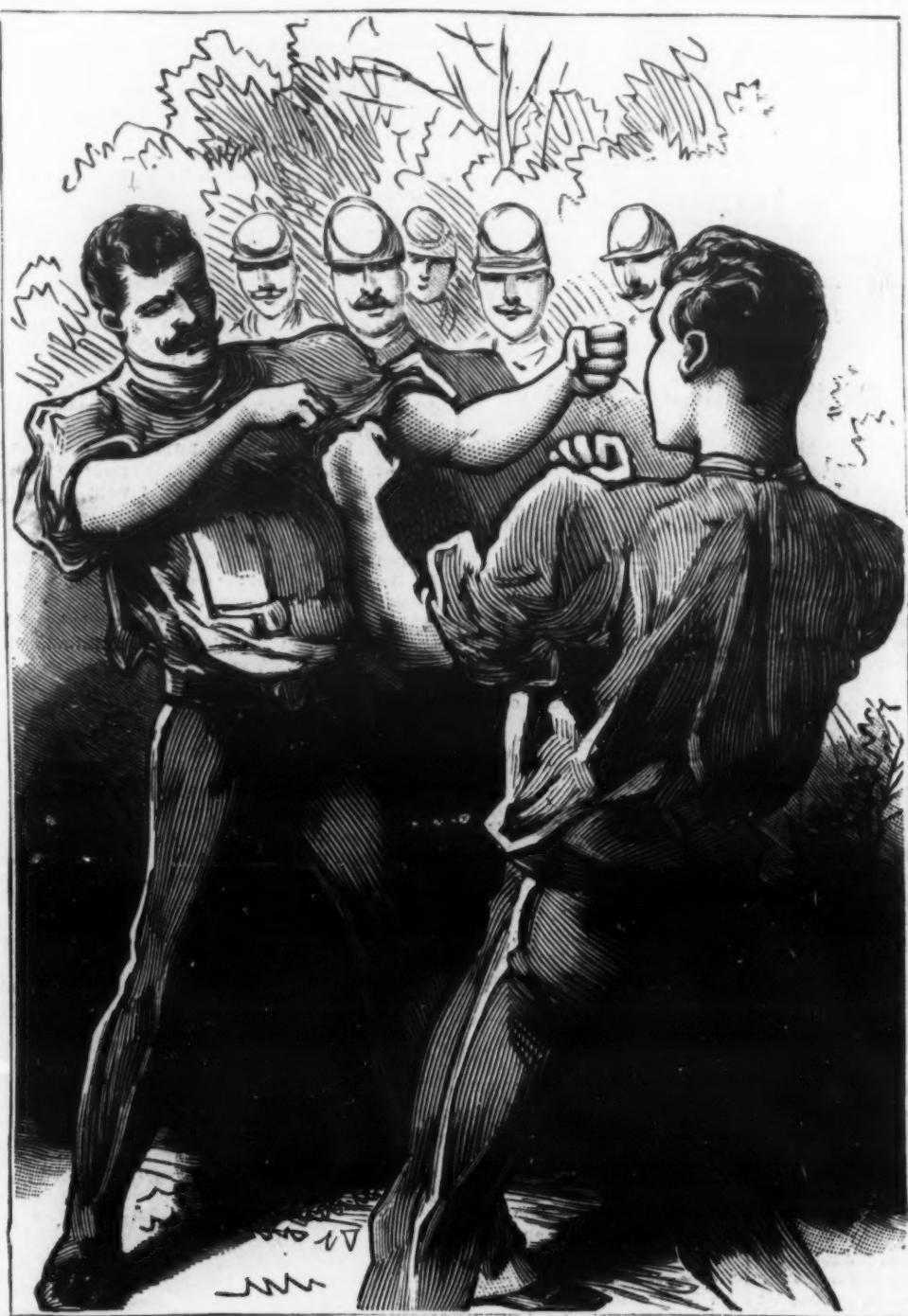
LEO CAMPBELL.

A DAINY AND CHARMING BIT OF STAGE FEMININITY, WELL KNOWN IN THEATRICAL CIRCLES.



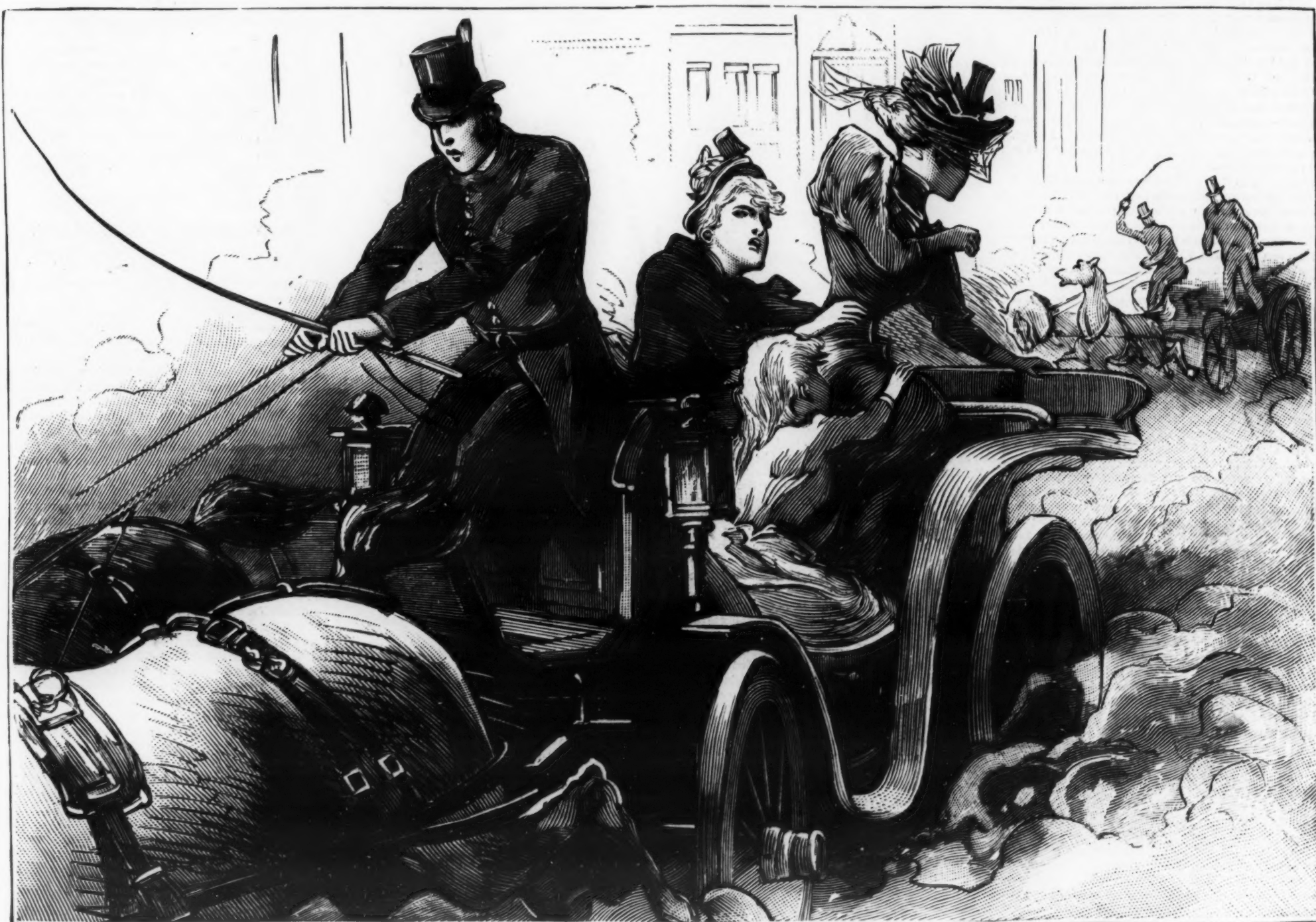
TUSSLE WITH A SHARK.

CAPTAIN JOHN OAKLEY HAS A STRUGGLE WITH A MAN-EATER, IN WHICH HE COMES OUT SECOND BEST, NEAR AMITYVILLE, L. I.



CADETS FIGHT IN A RING.

HENRY SMITHERS AND "PLEBE" SCALES DO EIGHTEEN FIERCE ROUNDS, BUT IT ENDS IN A DRAW, AT WEST POINT, N. Y.



A STERN CHASE.

AN IRATE HUSBAND PURSUES HIS WIFE WITH A TEAM AND HORSEWHIPS HER, AT WINSTED, CONN.

BETRAYED BY HER PARROT.

Then Dashing Mrs. Burghard Left
Her Luxurious Home.

THE HUSBAND NOT SORRY.

He Met the Captivating Woman on a
Coney Island Boat.

THE SAD ENDING OF HIS ROMANCE.

What the parrot said to himself was the beginning of the end of Fred Burghard's romance, for Burghard overheard the bird's soliloquy and there dawned upon his mind an awful suspicion.

"Laura, Laura," said the parrot in a voice imitative of the bass utterings of a man, "come away, come, come, come."

Then, changing to a treble, in which Burghard said he recognized his wife's tones, the parrot said:

"What'll Fred say? What'll Fred say?"

All one Sunday afternoon Burghard sat in the parlor of his handsomely furnished apartment, at No. 110 East Forty-seventh street, in New York city, and listened to the parrot repeat again and again, "What'll Fred say?"

That was the beginning, and the end followed fast. There was a stormy interview between Burghard and his wife on that evening, in which he angrily told her of his suspicions, and she retorted by calling him a jealous fool.

The night and the next day passed and the end was at hand. Burghard returned home and discovered that his pretty blonde wife whose piquancy when he first saw her on a Coney Island boat a little more than a year ago had attracted him to her, and whom he had married last October, had taken abrupt leave of him without as much as bidding him goodby.

She left him, but she didn't leave much more. A hasty examination of the apartments showed Burghard that his wife's going had been most orderly. She had packed her trunk and two hat boxes with care and precision, had gathered up all of the beautiful diamonds he had given her, had taken her mother's portrait from the wall, and had not even left the telltale parrot behind to hold sweet converse with her husband. The only wonder to him was that she had left the piano and the other furniture in the rooms.

Burghard's romance was at an end, and now he is on a still hunt for revenge, or rather he will be as soon as he completes a process of self-chastisement to which he is subjecting himself. When last seen he said he had not half done kicking himself for being such a fool.

Burghard a year ago was the prosperous proprietor of Elmwood Hall, at No. 691 Columbus avenue. His cafe at that number did a rushing business, and a billiard room and bowling alleys attached added materially to his income. He reckoned himself to be worth at least \$20,000, with rosy prospects for the future. In an evil moment he met Laura Maude Carpenter, and now not only is she gone, but his \$20,000 has vanished and Elmwood Hall has passed into other hands. In fact, he's in the financial condition of the ordinary young man just starting out in life.

"I was going to Coney Island by boat on the Sunday afternoon following Decoration Day, in 1893," he says. "I chanced to enter into conversation with an attractive young woman who said her name was Maude Carpenter. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship. She said she was an orphan, twenty-three years old, and a native of Hudson. The result of that acquaintance was marriage. The ceremony was performed in this house, Oct. 14, four months after I first met her. She is a blonde of medium height, weighs 160 pounds, has large blue eyes, fair complexion, but three curious moles on her neck just behind her left ear. There are two moles on her body. Her disposition was amiable, and I thought I had a treasure. Before we were married she learned from me that I was in business, owned a saloon at Fourth avenue and Twenty-fourth street, and that the property and real estate belonged to members of my family.

"Maude had been an actress in Riley & Wood's Burlesque Company, but she expressed a desire to have a home of her own, as she was domestic by nature. I certainly enjoyed life after the wedding, and my daily thought was of her happiness. Her great passion was to own diamonds. If she saw a woman in the street or in a shop with brilliant jewels, she made me get her some like them. I spent thousands of dollars in this way. When we were married last autumn I considered myself worth \$15,000. I could draw my check for \$5,000 and it would be honored every time. She complained if I went out of her sight, and did not like to have me go out in the evening, but that was necessary on account of my business. She declared my saloon would make just as much money if I stayed at home with her. I explained that to succeed I must attend to business. She said that was nonsense, and finally asked me to sell out. Later I gave up the place down town and bought a saloon in Columbus avenue. I continued to spend money right and left for things that she fancied, chiefly diamonds.

"All went well until I found myself out of business and had difficulty in securing a new position. Having sold my saloon and given up my interest there, it was necessary to work at something else. On a previous Sunday evening I was surprised to hear that my wife had gone out. She usually remained at home, and was seldom away without my knowing where she was. I waited anxiously but she did not return until midnight. She explained and apologized; but when I detected that she had been drinking beer, I scolded her. She confessed that she had been in Harlem; had met a couple of gentlemen friends and dined at Clarke's in West 125th street. It was the first time I had ever known her to have been guilty of such an indiscretion; in fact she was not a beer drinking woman, and it broke me all

up. However, she was so pleasant and seemed so anxious about my going to look after a position that I went to bed appeased.

"Early next morning, contrary to her usual habits, she awoke before 8 o'clock and insisted on my hurrying off in search of work. She lit the fire, although I told her the girl would arrive in a short time. She said she had important matters on hand, could not wait for the girl, and would build the fire herself. The colored servant came shortly afterward, and she noticed the unusual activity of her mistress."

Here Mr. Burghard called in the colored woman to tell what she knew. It was in effect that Mrs. Burghard told her that she was going away on business, and did not know when she would return. She ordered everything belonging to her brought out and packed. She took all of her pictures, even those in the family album. Finally she insisted on carrying away the family parrot. This bird is described as a genius in green feathers. The husband now recalls the strange actions of the bird on Sunday. When he came in it began screaming:

"I shan't leave this house. I don't want to go."

Later it leaped from the back of the chair to the window and screamed shrilly, "Yes, I want to go, too. Don't leave me behind."

The mistress had taught the bird to talk like a child. It apparently had human intelligence and acted as if Mrs. Burghard had told the bird of her intended flight. Hence its strange excitement.

The colored servant begged her mistress to leave the parrot with her, but Mrs. Burghard refused, and took the bird with her. The expressman came for the baggage about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and drove up Lexington avenue with all her belongings.

Burghard last week learned some things about his wife's history that startled him. She had told him that while she was yet a girl in Albany she had been married to a man named Charles Scott, the son of a canal boat



MAUDE WAS FORMERLY ON THE VARIETY STAGE.

owner of Greenbush, N. Y. She declared that she had been divorced from him, but Burghard said that last week, when he made a search for a record of the divorce, he was unable to find it. He told her so and she laughed at him, assuring him that he need have no fear as Charles was not in any position to trouble them.

Mr. Burghard says he made his wife tell him the name of the gentleman she was with on that evening; and, from what he has since learned, he is convinced that he is the victim of a conspiracy. He has engaged a lawyer who is to begin a suit against her for bigamy and obtain a warrant for her arrest. The husband refused to mention names.

"This thing is going to make a terrible scandal," said Mr. Burghard. "Some big men are involved in the case. One of them is a prominent Southern man, a member of a swell uptown club, and I am going to make it hot for him. See what a beautiful home she lived in! She had everything she wanted. I bought her a fine piano, paid for music teachers, and gratified her every whim. But when she found I was running out of money and could get no position easily then she grew restless and mercenary. Why, she even wanted to sell a crayon picture of her mother. She seemed to think that it was all right, provided that she could get a good price for the picture. Among other articles she carried away were diamonds worth \$4,000."

Friends of Mr. Burghard expressed deep sympathy. They said he was a gentleman, a good husband and a man of honor, and thought his wife would be the last person in the world to run away from such a home and such a husband.

"Ruined as I am," says Mr. Burghard, "I can't help laughing when I think what an ass I've been. The way I was played was immense."

A Pursuit of Pleasure.

No. 18, of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A vivid and graphic picture of Bohemian life in Paris, illustrated with 93 rare and beautiful drawings. Price 50 cents, sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, New York.

VIGILANT WINS TWO RACES

Handsomely Defeating the British Cutter
in Irish Waters.

BOTH VICTORIES DECISIVE ONES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Vigilant and Britannia met for the eighth time on July 17, at Belfast Lough, Bangor, Ireland, the prize being the cup presented by the Rear Commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club.

The result was that the Vigilant fairly beat the British craft in a strong westerly wind, both yachts carrying lib-headed topsails.

There was a fine start, made at 10 hours 30 minutes, the racers being close hauled for the reach up the Lough. The Vigilant stood wide to leeward, yet fetched right through the Britannia's lee by making a short tack, and at the end of the four miles the American was the leader by 1 minute 17 seconds.

In the run of five miles and a half on the next leg there was almost too much wind for spinnakers, but the Vigilant was 1 minute 51 seconds ahead at the leeward mark. Then, in a reach of five miles, the Yankee extended her lead to 2 minutes 9 seconds.

In the beat home the Vigilant increased her advantage, and was 2 minutes 46 seconds to the good at the end of the first round. The beat up the Lough was continued in a hard wind, and the Vigilant worked badly and lost a little, yet she was 2 minutes 41

backers of her, were overjoyed at the fulfillment of their prophecy. As the yachts had sailed three-quarters of the course when the Britannia was forced to withdraw, and as the Vigilant had a lead of six minutes, there was no question that she would win. It is conjectured that she would have beaten the Britannia by about 9 minutes, actual time.

The Vigilant defeated the Britannia again at Kingstown, Ireland, on July 21, in the race over the 50-mile course of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club course, off Kingstown, Ireland. This course is kite-shaped, and is sailed three times over to make the distance.

The start was at half-past 10 o'clock, in a very light westerly breeze, giving the yachts a run to the Rosebeg Buoy. Spinnakers were ready, but not set, as the Britannia, which led across the line by twenty-four seconds, was luffed out on by the Vigilant, and both had a desperately long match up the bay as if going for Dublin.

The Vigilant stuck to it, and on both at last keeping away they ran level with spinnakers for the buoy. The Vigilant gybed over and rounded the first mark with a lead of thirty seconds.

The yachts carried the same good sailing breeze on an easy reach in for the Muglins mark, but both ran into a calm off Dalkey. After a time a westerly breeze from down the bay set the Vigilant moving first.

The wind headed the yachts and gave them a long and short leg to Muglins, then two backs home and the race finished with the Vigilant the winner at 6 hours 18 minutes 18 seconds, and the Britannia at 6 hours 22 minutes 1 second.

A STERN CHASE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Henry J. Hall, of the firm of Reed, Hall & Hewlett, oil dealers at 20 Platt street, New York city, home-whipped and beat his wife recently at Winsted, Conn. The story of the trouble is as follows:

Mr. Hall, who is about forty-six years old, and his wife, who is much younger, have quarrelled for a long time, and only a short time ago Mr. Hall began proceedings for a divorce. A reconciliation was made and they have continued to live together, and with their two children have been occupying a cottage at Highland Lake. They have kept a large establishment there, having plenty of horses and servants and everything they wish, as Mr. Hall has always had plenty of money. About six o'clock, Mrs. Hall was seen driving through the village in one of her carriages. She had some friends along, and Mrs. Hall had just stopped for her two children, who had been in the village, when Mr. Hall dashed up with another team and jumped out and started for his wife with a horsewhip.

A few words passed between them, and then he struck her savagely several times over the head and shoulders. Mrs. Hall ran to her carriage and, jumping in, told the driver to whip up the horses. Mr. Hall had a single team near by, and set out in pursuit only a few rods behind.

The scene was exciting. Mrs. Hall was beseeching the driver of her carriage to hurry, and Mr. Hall was helping whip his horse into a run and urging his driver to go faster. In front of Baird's drug store Hall overtook his wife's carriage, and, slowing up, he jumped out and started, whip in hand, for Mrs. Hall.

"Come out of there, will you?" he cried, and he dragged his wife roughly into the road and tried to choke her and beat her with the whip.

Several persons rushed out of the drug store, but Prof. McCarthy was the only one who had the courage to face Hall. Mrs. Hall, in the meantime, had been screaming for help, and her cries had brought out half the village.

The cause of the affair is said to have been the discovery of a bottle of whiskey on the dining room table by the husband. It is said that the servants told him that his wife had been drinking, and when he tried to find out from her if this was true received a severe tongue lashing.

Hall and his wife were both about town the next day apparently none the worse for the vigorous horse-whipping bee in which they indulged. It was expected that they both would apply for warrants charging each other with assault and battery and breach of the peace.

BROKE HER PARASOL ON HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Jim Kenny, of Newark, N. J., is a big, handsome, good-natured fellow without any steady occupation. He was basking in the sunlight recently in Market street, near Beaver, when a blonde young woman named Annie Van Doren spoke to him. He smiled pleasantly at first, but a moment later called in the smile and tried to look severe.

Then he seemed to get angry, and apparently said something to provoke Miss Van Doren. She had in her hand a light, lace-trimmed silk parasol, and, raising it, she brought it down on him with such force that it was stripped of half the lace. Kenny looked dazed for a second. When the wrecked sunshade was again raised he dodged into a doorway. She followed, shouting, "Police! Murder! Help!" as she belabored him with the frail weapon.

Kenny pushed her aside and started on a run up the street, with the young woman close at his heels, yelling loudly. Nearly a hundred onlookers followed, and two policemen joined the crowd. Kenny was overtaken in Beaver street, and there were explanations. The woman seemed worried when she found that she was in danger of being taken to police headquarters.

When Kenny agreed to pay her for the broken parasol, she handed it to a boy and told him to take it home for her, promising him five cents for his services. Policemen Holler and McDonald were puzzled to know how to dispose of the case, but when Kenny's brother, Horace, who is a well-known lawyer, appeared, they decided to let the combatants go. Miss Van Doren would not tell what Kenny's offense was, and Kenny jumped on a trolley car and went to Jersey City.

JOSH E. OGDEN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Josh E. Ogden has been a theatrical manager and business agent for the past twenty-five years. He directed Buffalo Bill's tours from 1874 to 1884 and was manager of theatres in Richmond, Va., and Norfolk, Va. At present he is with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, which is now appearing at Ambrose Park in South Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cool Summer Drinks.

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THE VICTIM OF A FIEND.

A Pretty Girl Wronged by an Unknown Wretch.

ASSAULTED IN THE WOODS.

The Criminal is Now Being Sought For by Armed Avengers.

HE TIED THE GIRL'S HANDS FAST.

When sixteen-year-old Clara Casper, pale with nameless terror, ran into her brother's grocery, in Fort Lee, N. J., on a recent Saturday morning and told what had befallen her at the edge of the woods which clothe Leonia Heights, her father and her brother left her fainting in her mother's arms, put pistols in their pockets and hurried toward Leonia.

Their mission was to find and kill a man—one who, from their standpoint, at least, had forfeited his right to live.

They hurried from the little shop in Fort Lee before the girl's story was told, but not before its intent was known, and not before they had heard from her lips a description of the man they sought, an Italian, about thirty-five years old, of stout figure, with a heavy black moustache, who wore a brown Derby hat and gray trousers.

That description, general as it is, is known by heart to every man in and about the fort now, and no one would be surprised if a body clothed as described were found in the open road, riddled with bullets.

For Fort Lee had a man hunt on its hands all day Saturday and all night, and all day Sunday, and half a hundred men are still beating the brush for an unknown, whom the community has already tried and upon whom it has passed sentence.

The Caspers, father and brother, did not hunt alone very long on that Saturday. The story which the girl had been unable to complete because of weakness which overcame her after her flight from the Leonia woods to her home, was known all through the village within half an hour of her arrival, and soon a party of determined men set out for Leonia and Palsade Park, each swearing to himself that he would aid in bringing back to Fort Lee, dead or alive, the man who had made himself quarry for the manhunters.

All Fort Lee and Leonia and the places roundabout are well acquainted with Joseph Casper's pretty, cheery, sixteen-year-old daughter Clara. No wonder then that her story filled them with a desire for vengeance. Her father was born in Fort Lee and reared his family there among men who know him as a good father and a good neighbor. They knew the girl as a child and have known her of late as a modest girl in her teens, who in her ambition to get on in the world and be of assistance to her family secured a position as assistant to the postmaster in Leonia.

The little post office is about half a mile from the Casper grocery. The girl was accustomed to walk the distance in the early morning.

Fort Lee has long had more than its share of idle and disreputable men, but the Caspers never thought twice over the fact that Clara came and went over the road along the woods without an escort. In Fort Lee, they argued, she knew every one and every one knew her, and that was all there was about it.

But while the girl was on her way to the post office about a week ago she noticed an ill-looking man loitering among the trees along the road at Wood's Turn, a point about half way to Leonia. He did not speak to her, and she forgot all about him until that fateful Saturday morning. She was late on that morning, and was hurrying. At Wood's Turn, the loneliest bit of the way, a man—the loiterer she had noticed previously—sprang into the road before her. She attempted to scream, but in a second his hands were at her throat and she knew no more except that when she recovered consciousness her hands were tied with a dirty neckcloth and her assailant was hurrying away through the woods in the direction of Palsade Park.

The postmaster in Leonia had no assistant on that day. Clara Casper ran all the way home. Then began the man hunt.

While the girl was recovering, with the aid of her mother and Dr. Huger, of Fort Lee, her story was traveling through the village, and a party of hunters were making ready to follow at the heels of her father and brothers.

First of all they canvassed the identity of the Italian. They knew that a great many laborers had been employed during the building of the railroad in Fort Lee, and that some of them had remained about the place after the work was done. They knew, too, that there was a gang of Italian laborers working about the Madonna Convent in Taylorville, which lies between Fort Lee and Leonia Heights.

The country to the west of these villages is belted by woodland, and somewhere in the stretch of forest, they decided, the man they sought must have taken to cover.

They took care to guard the fort itself first of all, the roads leading out of it—the New York ferry most of all. Volunteers were numerous. There was a man to be caught, and he was wanted very badly.

Joseph Casper and his son started early. Within an hour after the girl's return Marshal Chamberlain, of Englewood, N. J.; Philip J. Hock, who is Clara Casper's brother-in-law, and a special policeman as well, accompanied by Detective George Mabie, of Leonia; John Reardon and William Debacher, all heavily armed, set out for the woods. By that time every man in Fort Lee and near it was on the lookout for a man who looked

like the Italian Miss Casper had described. The manhunters began their work at Wood's Turn, the point at which the assault was committed, and, taking to the bush, they moved toward Leonia and Palsade Park. They spread out in a line at right angles to the road, each man taking as much territory as he could examine while he walked and still make sure that the undergrowth hid nothing from him. It was much like beating the woods for game and driving it down upon the sportsmen, except that the hunters had sterner work before them.

When one of them lost sight of the other or became doubtful of his direction he shouted, and the cry was passed along until it reached the men at both ends of the line.

The stretch of woods is fully two miles deep along the Leonia road, but every clump of trees was inspected, from the outskirts of Fort Lee to the confines of Palsade Park.

There was no lagging, but at sunset the men had found no one, but Joseph Casper and his son, William, and they, too, had searched in vain. They asked no questions, for they knew well enough that their neighbors had followed them, because it was from these woods the Postmaster's innocent girl clerk had fled to alarm Fort Lee.

The marshal's men briefly discussed with the Caspers the best disposition of their forces. Other men, they knew, had set out from the fort and from Leonia after them, and were already scouring the forest to the east and west.

While they talked about the places where the scrub was thickest and ate the bit of lunch they had brought because they knew their task was a long one, it began to rain. In Fort Lee they have seldom seen such a downpour. The trees bent under their weight of water and rivulets formed everywhere on the hill-sides, but somewhere, these men believed, another man who would not mind the rain was hiding, and they were determined that the storm should not shield him. They scattered over the slippery hills, drench-



SHE ASSISTED THE POSTMASTER.

ed to the skin every man of them, and went over that two-mile stretch of cove again from Palsade Park back to Leonia and on to Fort Lee. They found no more than the rain-soaked trees and rocks, and then at half-past 1 o'clock the next morning they dragged themselves back to their homes. The hunters were exhausted. For a time at least the quarry was safe.

The chase was renewed again early the following morning and kept up all day. The Caspers were out before all. They had left their home filled with women and girls, who had come from the country about them to sympathize with Mrs. Casper and her daughter. That was woman's work and well nigh hopeless at that. The men were in the woods again and the hunting party was larger than before.

They were hampered all day long by reports about loitering Italians, who had been seen here and there, by stories of wandering vagrants, who had been seen near Wood's Turn and Leonia. They found some of these men, but in every case they were so little like the man whom Miss Casper described, and whom she is certain she can identify, that they were not detained, but were allowed to go after being told that unless a man had work to do and was doing it Fort Lee was not a healthy place for him at present.

The men who were held up along the wooded roads lost no time in disappearing as soon as released. They had heard of the man hunt, and most of them knew that the man who was caught and kept would be taken to the home of Joseph Casper, if he lived long enough, and that then, if he were identified, he stood a chance of being handed over to the authorities. The hunters did not dwell upon that part of it. That was for the future.

The belief began to gain ground when the wooded country about Leonia had been so thoroughly and so

vainly searched, that the man for whom every one was looking might have made his way into Fort Lee immediately after the assault and found a hiding place there or in New York city. The police had already searched the Fort pretty thoroughly, but they were keeping a doubly sharp outlook when some of the men who had been in the woods returned discouraged, and said that not even a squirrel could have hidden north of Palsade Park without being discovered.

Paul John, a Fort Lee cabman, said that he saw an Italian, who answered in a general way the description given by Miss Casper, hurrying through the streets near the ferry during the afternoon. This, of course, is only a vague suspicion. The man could not have crossed the ferry on that day anyway, for a stout Italian with a black mustache would have been arrested there on sight.

Fort Lee itself is full of hiding places, and has hidden in its time men accused of many grave offences. But the man hunt which was begun on Saturday is not ended. Indeed, the hunters only returned when the darkness rendered it almost useless to beat the woods back of Leonia. As for the roads, there is little chance that the man who is wanted can escape by them, for every outlet is guarded. And, grave as have been the crimes of the offenders whom Fort Lee has hidden in the past, there has been none which has so enraged the community as this attack upon Joseph Casper's innocent daughter.

Fort Lee has asked but one question since Saturday morning. "Have they found him?" Until a late hour it was answered always in the negative. If it is answered otherwise while the community feels as it does

knees to the roadside. Then I managed to walk home as fast as I could and tell my father. I reached there at five minutes to 8 o'clock."

Miss Casper is quite sure that she can identify her assailant if he is captured, as she saw his face quite plainly. Every village near Fort Lee and Leonia has been furnished with a description of the man, and the roads are being followed by constables in carriages.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" SALOON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The "Police Gazette" saloon is, undoubtedly, the most unique resort of its kind. It is owned by M. B. Madden, of St. Louis, Mo., who operates it at 1225 Franklin avenue. The walls and ceilings are entirely decorated with engravings and supplements from back numbers of the POLICE GAZETTE, which have been artistically arranged by Mr. Madden, who appears standing in front of the bar. The "Police Gazette" saloon is one of the sights of St. Louis and is the headquarters for all the sporting men of that city. The picture which we reproduce on another page was especially photographed for the POLICE GAZETTE, by Strauss, the most prominent photographer in St. Louis.

GEORGE H. COONCE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George H. Coonce, whose picture appears in this issue, is one of the youngest of Uncle Sam's officials. He is only twenty-two years of age and was just able to take the oath of office when elected to the bench. He is also postmaster at Osburn, Idaho, having been appointed last October.

HUGH BOYLE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Hugh Boyle of Elizabeth, N. J., who has won many battles in the prize ring. Boyle fights at 106 pounds and he is to be matched to fight Jimmy Barry, of Chicago, Ill., in September in the Olympic Club at New Orleans, La.

EDWARD BURKE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Edward Burke, the little outfielder of the New York Club, commenced his baseball career at an early age. He accepted his first professional engagement in 1887 with the Scranton Club, of the International Association, where he gained considerable renown both as a batsman and a fielder. Since then he has been with the Toronto, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Milwaukee and Cincinnati teams, signing with the New Yorks at the beginning of this season. His picture appears in this issue.

JACK HUNT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jack Hunt is one of the best known sporting publicans in England. He runs the "Oxford and Cambridge" at Birmingham, England, of which Alf Greenfield, the famous pugilist, was the previous landlord. His resort is well worth a visit. Its walls are crowded with curios and sporting pictures of battles fought by great pugilists. Mr. Hunt weighs 17 stone and can beat nine out of ten publicans in a 100-yard dash. His picture appears elsewhere in this issue.

SHE USED AN AXE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The screams of a woman in great distress attracted the attention of Officers Smith and Lapaille at 4 o'clock one recent morning while they were standing at Seventh and Grayson streets, in Louisville, Ky. Following the direction of the sound, the officers entered the house at 625 Grayson street just in time to prevent a murder. In the hallway they saw Alma Harris on her knees, while over her stood Lucy Adams with an uplifted axe, in the act of striking the other in the head. The woman was quickly disarmed and placed under arrest. Blood was pouring from a long gash in the side of the other's head and from smaller wounds. She told the officers that the Adams woman had struck her with the axe and knocked her down and would have killed her had not the police arrived. Lucy Adams was taken to jail and will be tried as soon as her victim is able to appear against her. The cause of the trouble was a dispute as to which one should prepare breakfast for both.

WOMEN FIGHT A DUEL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The people of Buffalo, Wyo., were treated to a little excitement out of the ordinary recently. The streets were soon cleared of people, who dodged into doorways and alleys to escape stray bullets fired from pistols in the hands of two women duelists, Mrs. W. G. Angus and Mrs. Eva Bye. Both of the participants in the affair are quite prominent, and the occurrence has created a great sensation. Mrs. Angus is the wife of Red Angus, the Johnson County sheriff of rustler fame. Both of these women have been at dagger's points, it is said, over a family affair, and trouble has been expected for some time. After emptying their guns they retired to reload, but were prevented from continuing further hostilities. Mrs. Bye had Mrs. Angus arrested.

TWO GIRLS DROWNED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Rosa Berger, 18 years old, daughter of Fred Berger, and Anna Priest, the 15-year-old daughter of Daniel B. Priest, were drowned not long ago while bathing at Whitney's pond, one mile west of Glassboro, N. J.

The girls were bathing in company with George W. Priest, of Camden, and another young lady, but got beyond their depth. They stepped into a sinkhole and went down. Young Priest made a gallant effort to save the two girls and nearly lost his own life in the struggle. When he finally reached the shore he fell to the ground exhausted.

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BETRAYED BY HER PARROT.

Then Dashing Mrs. Burghard Left
Her Luxurious Home.

THE HUSBAND NOT SORRY.

He Met the Captivating Woman on a
Coney Island Boat.

THE SAD ENDING OF HIS ROMANCE.

What the parrot said to himself was the beginning of the end of Fred Burghard's romance, for Burghard overheard the bird's soliloquy and there dawned upon his mind an awful suspicion.

"Laura, Laura," said the poll in a voice imitative of the bass utterings of a man, "come away, come, come, come."

Then, changing to a treble, in which Burghard says he recognized his wife's tones, the parrot said:

"What'll Fred say? What'll Fred say?"

All one Sunday afternoon Burghard sat in the parlor of his handsomely furnished apartment, at No. 110 East Forty-seventh street, in New York city, and listened to the parrot repeat again and again, "What'll Fred say?"

That was the beginning, and the end followed fast. There was a stormy interview between Burghard and his wife on that evening, in which he angrily told her of his suspicions, and she retorted by calling him a jealous fool.

The night and the next day passed and the end was at hand. Burghard returned home and discovered that his pretty blonde wife whose piquancy when he first saw her on a Coney Island boat a little more than a year ago had attracted him to her, and whom he had married last October, had taken abrupt leave of him without as much as bidding him goodby.

She left him, but she didn't leave much more. A hasty examination of the apartments showed Burghard that his wife's going had been most orderly. She had packed her trunk and two hat boxes with care and precision, had gathered up all of the beautiful diamonds he had given her, had taken her mother's portrait from the wall, and had not even left the telltale parrot behind to hold sweet converse with her husband. The only wonder to him was that she had left the piano and the other furniture in the rooms.

Burghard's romance was at an end, and now he is on a still hunt for revenge, or rather he will be as soon as he completes a process of self-chastisement to which he is subjecting himself. When last seen he said he had not half done kicking himself for being such a fool.

Burghard a year ago was the prosperous proprietor of Elmwood Hall, at No. 691 Columbus avenue. His cafe at that number did a rushing business, and a billiard room and bowling alleys attached added materially to his income. He reckoned himself to be worth at least \$20,000, with rosy prospects for the future. In an evil moment he met Laura Maude Carpenter, and now not only is she gone, but his \$20,000 has vanished and Elmwood Hall has passed into other hands. In fact, he's in the financial condition of the ordinary young man just starting out in life.

"I was going to Coney Island by boat on the Sunday afternoon following Decoration Day, in 1893," he says. "I chanced to enter into conversation with an attractive young woman who said her name was Maude Carpenter. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship. She said she was an orphan, twenty-three years old, and a native of Hudson. The result of that acquaintance was marriage. The ceremony was performed in this house, Oct. 14, four months after I first met her. She is a blonde of medium height, weighs 160 pounds, has large blue eyes, fair complexion, but three curious moles on her neck just behind her left ear. There are two moles on her body. Her disposition was amiable, and I thought I had a treasure. Before we were married she learned from me that I was in business, owned a saloon at Fourth avenue and Twenty-fourth street, and that the property and real estate belonged to members of my family.

"Maude had been an actress in Riley & Wood's Burlesque Company, but she expressed a desire to have a home of her own, as she was domestic by nature. I certainly enjoyed life after the wedding, and my daily thought was of her happiness. Her great passion was to own diamonds. If she saw a woman in the street or in a shop with brilliant jewels, she made me get her some like them. I spent thousands of dollars in this way. When we were married last autumn I considered myself worth \$15,000. I could draw my check for \$5,000 and it would be honored every time. She complained if I went out of her sight, and did not like to have me go out in the evening, but that was necessary on account of my business. She declared my saloon would make just as much money if I stayed at home with her. I explained that to succeed I must attend to business. She said that was nonsense, and finally asked me to sell out. Later I gave up the place down town and bought a saloon in Columbus avenue. I continued to spend money right and left for things that she fancied, chiefly diamonds.

"All went well until I found myself out of business and had difficulty in securing a new position. Having sold my saloon and given up my interest there, it was necessary to work at something else. On a previous Sunday evening I was surprised to hear that my wife had gone out. She usually remained at home, and was seldom away without my knowing where she was. I waited anxiously but she did not return until midnight. She explained and apologized; but when I detected that she had been drinking beer, I scolded her. She confessed that she had been in Harlem; had met a couple of 'gentlemen friends' and dined at Clarke's in West 125th street. It was the first time I had ever known her to have been guilty of such an indiscretion; in fact she was not a beer drinking woman, and it broke me all

up. However, she was so pleasant and seemed so anxious about my going to look after a position that I went to bed appeased.

"Early next morning, contrary to her usual habits, she awoke before 8 o'clock and insisted on my hurrying off in search of work. She lit the fire, although I told her the girl would arrive in a short time. She said she had important matters on hand, could not wait for the girl, and would build the fire herself. The colored servant came shortly afterward, and she noticed the unusual activity of her mistress."

Here Mr. Burghard called in the colored woman to tell what she knew. It was in effect that Mrs. Burghard told her that she was going away on business, and did not know when she would return. She ordered everything belonging to her brought out and packed. She took all of her pictures, even those in the family album. Finally she insisted on carrying away the family parrot. This bird is described as a genius in green feathers. The husband now recalls the strange actions of the bird on Sunday. When he came in it began screaming:

"I shan't leave this house. I don't want to go."

Later it leaped from the back of the chair to the window and screamed shrilly, "Yes, I want to go, too. Don't leave me behind."

The mistress had taught the bird to talk like a child. It apparently had human intelligence and acted as if Mrs. Burghard had told the bird of her intended flight. Hence its strange excitement.

The colored servant begged her mistress to leave the parrot with her, but Mrs. Burghard refused, and took the bird with her. The expressman came for the baggage about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and drove up Lexington avenue with all her belongings.

Burghard last week learned some things about his wife's history that startled him. She had told him that while she was yet a girl in Albany she had been married to a man named Charles Scott, the son of a canal boat



MAUDE WAS FORMERLY ON THE VARIETY STAGE.

owner of Greenbush, N. Y. She declared that she had been divorced from him, but Burghard said that last week, when he made a search for a record of the divorce, he was unable to find it. He told her so and she laughed at him, assuring him that he need have no fear as Charles was not in any position to trouble them.

Mr. Burghard says he made his wife tell him the name of the gentleman she was with on that evening; and, from what he has since learned, he is convinced that he is the victim of a conspiracy. He has engaged a lawyer who is to begin a suit against her for bigamy and obtain a warrant for her arrest. The husband refused to mention names.

"This thing is going to make a terrible scandal," said Mr. Burghard. "Some big men are involved in the case. One of them is a prominent Southern man, a member of a swell uptown club, and I am going to make it hot for him. See what a beautiful home she lived in! She had everything she wanted. I bought her a fine piano, paid for music teachers, and gratified her every whim. But when she found I was running out of money and could get no position easily then she grew restless and mercenary. Why, she even wanted to sell a crayon picture of her mother. She seemed to think that it was all right, provided that she could get a good price for the picture. Among other articles she carried away were diamonds worth \$4,000."

Friends of Mr. Burghard expressed deep sympathy. They said he was a gentleman, a good husband and a man of honor, and thought his wife would be the last person in the world to run away from such a home and such a husband.

"Ruined as I am," says Mr. Burghard, "I can't help laughing when I think what an ass I've been. The way I was played was immense."

A Pursuit of Pleasure.

No. 18, of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A vivid and graphic picture of Bohemian life in Paris, illustrated with 93 rare and beautiful drawings. Price 50 cents, sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

VIGILANT WINS TWO RACES

Handsomely Defeating the British Cutter
in Irish Waters.

BOTH VICTORIES DECISIVE ONES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Vigilant and Britannia met for the eighth time on July 17, at Belfast Lough, Bangor, Ireland, the prize being the cup presented by the Rear Commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club.

The result was that the Vigilant fairly beat the British craft in a strong westerly wind, both yachts carrying lib-headed topsails.

There was a fine start, made at 10 hours 30 minutes, the racers being close hauled for the reach up the Lough. The Vigilant stood wide to leeward, yet fetched right through the Britannia's lee by making a short tack, and at the end of the four miles the American was the leader by 1 minute 17 seconds.

In the run of five miles and a half on the next leg there was almost too much wind for spinnakers, but the Vigilant was 1 minute 51 seconds ahead at the leeward mark.

Then, in a reach of five miles, the Yankee extended her lead to 2 minutes 9 seconds. In the beat home the Vigilant increased her advantage, and was 2 minutes 46 seconds to the good at the end of the first round. The beat up the Lough was continued in a hard wind, and the Vigilant worked badly and lost a little, yet she was 2 minutes 41

backers of her, were overjoyed at the fulfillment of their prophecy. As the yachts had sailed three-quarters of the course when the Britannia was forced to withdraw, and as the Vigilant had a lead of six minutes, there was no question that she would win. It is conjectured that she would have beaten the Britannia by about 9 minutes, actual time.

The Vigilant defeated the Britannia again at Kingstown, Ireland, on July 21, in the race over the 50-mile course of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club course, off Kingstown, Ireland. This course is kite-shaped, and is sailed three times over to make the distance.

The start was at half-past 10 o'clock, in a very light westerly breeze, giving the yachts a run to the Rosebeg Buoy. Spinnakers were ready, but not set, as the Britannia, which led across the line by twenty-four seconds, was luffed out on by the Vigilant, and both had a desperately long match up the bay as if going for Dublin.

The Vigilant stuck to it, and on both at last keeping away they ran level with spinnakers for the buoy. The Vigilant gybed over and rounded the first mark with a lead of thirty seconds.

The yachts carried the same good sailing breeze on an easy reach in for the Muglins mark, but both ran into a calm off Dalkey. After a time a westerly breeze from down the bay set the Vigilant moving first.

The wind headed the yachts and gave them a long and short leg to Muglins, then two backs home and the race finished with the Vigilant the winner at 6 hours 18 minutes 18 seconds, and the Britannia at 6 hours 22 minutes 1 second.

A STERN CHASE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Henry J. Hall, of the firm of Reed, Hall & Hewlett, oil dealers at 20 Platt street, New York city, horse-whipped and beat his wife recently at Winsted, Conn. The story of the trouble is as follows:

Mr. Hall, who is about forty-six years old, and his wife, who is much younger, have quarrelled for a long time, and only a short time ago Mr. Hall began proceedings for a divorce. A reconciliation was made and they have continued to live together, and with their two children have been occupying a cottage at Highland Lake. They have kept a large establishment there, having plenty of horses and servants and everything they wish, as Mr. Hall has always had plenty of money. About six o'clock, Mrs. Hall was seen driving through the village in one of her carriages. She had some friends along, and Mrs. Hall had just stopped for her two children, who had been in the village, when Mr. Hall dashed up with another team and jumped out and started for his wife with a horsewhip.

A few words passed between them, and then he struck her savagely several times over the head and shoulders. Mrs. Hall ran to her carriage and, jumping in, told the driver to whip up the horses. Mr. Hall had a single team near by, and set out in pursuit only a few rods behind.

The scene was exciting. Mrs. Hall was beseeching the driver of her carriage to hurry, and Mr. Hall was helping whip his horse into a run and urging his driver to go faster. In front of Baird's drug store Hall overtook his wife's carriage, and, slowing up, he jumped out and started, whip in hand, for Mrs. Hall.

"Come out of there, will you?" he cried, and he dragged his wife roughly into the road and tried to choke her and beat her with the whip.

Several persons rushed out of the drug store, but Prof. McCarthy was the only one who had the courage to face Hall. Mrs. Hall, in the meantime, had been screaming for help, and her cries had brought out half the village.

The cause of the affair is said to have been the discovery of a bottle of whiskey on the dining room table by the husband. It is said that the servants told him that his wife had been drinking, and when he tried to find out from her if this was true received a severe tongue lashing.

Hall and his wife were both about town the next day apparently none the worse for the vigorous horse-whipping bee in which they indulged. It was expected that they both would apply for warrants charging each other with assault and battery and breach of the peace.

BROKE HER PARASOL ON HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Jim Kenny, of Newark, N. J., is a big, handsome, good-natured fellow without any steady occupation. He was basking in the sunlight recently in Market street, near Beaver, when a blonde young woman named Annie Van Doren spoke to him. He smiled pleasantly at first, but a moment later called in the smile and tried to look severe.

Then he seemed to get angry, and apparently said something to provoke Miss Van Doren. She had in her hand a light, lace-trimmed silk parasol, and, raising it, she brought it down on him with such force that it was stripped of half the lace. Kenny looked dazed for a second. When the wrecked sunshade was again raised he dodged into a doorway. She followed, shouting, "Police! Murder! Help!" as she belabored him with the frail weapon.

Kenny pushed her aside and started on a run up the street, with the young woman close at his heels, yelling loudly. Nearly a hundred onlookers followed, and two policemen joined the crowd. Kenny was overtaken in Beaver street, and there were explanations. The woman seemed worried when she found that she was in danger of being taken to police headquarters.

When Kenny agreed to pay her for the broken parasol, she handed it to a boy and told him to take it home for her, promising him five cents for his services. Policemen Holler and McDonald were puzzled to know how to dispose of the case, but when Kenny's brother, Horace, who is a well-known lawyer, appeared, they decided to let the combatants go. Miss Van Doren would not tell what Kenny's offense was, and Kenny jumped on a trolley car and went to Jersey City.

JOSH E. OGDEN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Josh E. Ogden has been a theatrical manager and business agent for the past twenty-five years. He directed Buffalo Bill's tours from 1874 to 1884 and was manager of theatres in Richmond, Va., and Norfolk, Va. At present he is with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, which is now appearing at Ambrose Park in South Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE VICTIM OF A FIEND.

A Pretty Girl Wronged by an Unknown Wretch.

ASSAULTED IN THE WOODS.

The Criminal is Now Being Sought For by Armed Avengers.

HE TIED THE GIRL'S HANDS FAST.

When sixteen-year-old Clara Casper, pale with nameless terror, ran into her brother's grocery, in Fort Lee, N. J., on a recent Saturday morning and told what had befallen her at the edge of the woods which clothe Leonia Heights, her father and her brother left her fainting in her mother's arms, put pistols in their pockets and hurried toward Leonia.

Their mission was to find and kill a man—one who, from their standpoint, at least, had forfeited his right to live.

They hurried from the little shop in Fort Lee before the girl's story was told, but not before its intent was known, and not before they had heard from her lips a description of the man they sought, an Italian, about thirty-five years old, of stout figure, with a heavy black moustache, who wore a brown Derby hat and gray trousers.

That description, general as it is, is known by heart to every man in and about the fort now, and no one would be surprised if a body clothed as described were found in the open road, riddled with bullets.

For Fort Lee had a man hunt on its hands all day Saturday and all night, and all day Sunday, and half a hundred men are still beating the brush for an unknown, whom the community has already tried and upon whom it has passed sentence.

The Caspers, father and brother, did not hunt alone very long on that Saturday. The story which the girl had been unable to complete because of weakness which overcame her after her flight from the Leonia woods to her home, was known all through the village within half an hour of her arrival, and soon a party of determined men set out for Leonia and Palisade Park, each swearing to himself that he would aid in bringing back to Fort Lee, dead or alive, the man who had made himself quarry for the manhunters.

All Fort Lee and Leonia and the places roundabout are well acquainted with Joseph Casper's pretty, cheery, sixteen-year-old daughter Clara. No wonder then that her story filled them with a desire for vengeance. Her father was born in Fort Lee and reared his family there among men who know him as a good father and a good neighbor. They knew the girl as a child and have known her of late as a modest girl in her teens, who in her ambition to get on in the world and be of assistance to her family secured a position as assistant to the postmaster in Leonia.

The little post office is about half a mile from the Casper grocery. The girl was accustomed to walk the distance in the early morning.

Fort Lee has long had more than its share of idle and disreputable men, but the Caspers never thought twice over the fact that Clara came and went over the road along the woods without an escort. In Fort Lee, they argued, she knew every one and every one knew her, and that was all there was about it.

But while the girl was on her way to the post office about a week ago she noticed an ill-looking man loitering among the trees along the road at Wood's Turn, a point about half way to Leonia. He did not speak to her, and she forgot all about him until that fateful Saturday morning. She was late on that morning, and was hurrying. At Wood's Turn, the loneliest bit of the way, a man—the loiterer she had noticed previously—sprang into the road before her. She attempted to scream, but in a second his hands were at her throat and she knew no more except that when she recovered consciousness her hands were tied with a dirty neckcloth and her assailant was hurrying away through the woods in the direction of Palisade Park.

The postmaster in Leonia had no assistant on that day. Clara Casper ran all the way home. Then began the man hunt.

While the girl was recovering, with the aid of her mother and Dr. Huger, of Fort Lee, her story was traveling through the village, and a party of hunters were making ready to follow at the heels of her father and brothers.

First of all they canvassed the identity of the Italian. They knew that a great many laborers had been employed during the building of the railroad in Fort Lee, and that some of them had remained about the place after the work was done. They knew, too, that there was a gang of Italian laborers working about the Madonna Convent in Taylorville, which lies between Fort Lee and Leonia Heights.

The country to the west of these villages is belted by woodland, and somewhere in the stretch of forest, they decided, the man they sought must have taken to cover.

They took care to guard the fort itself first of all, the roads leading out of it—the New York ferry most of all. Volunteers were numerous. There was a man to be caught, and he was wanted very badly.

Joseph Casper and his son started early. Within an hour after the girl's return Marshal Chamberlain, of Englewood, N. J.; Philip J. Hock, who is Clara Casper's brother-in-law, and a special policeman as well, accompanied by Detective George Mabie, of Leonia; John Reardon and William Debacher, all heavily armed, set out for the woods. By that time every man in Fort Lee and near it was on the lookout for a man who looked

like the Italian Miss Casper had described. The manhunters began their work at Wood's Turn, the point at which the assault was committed, and, taking to the bush, they moved toward Leonia and Palisade Park. They spread out in a line at right angles to the road, each man taking as much territory as he could examine while he walked and still make sure that the undergrowth hid nothing from him. It was much like beating the woods for game and driving it down upon the sportsmen, except that the hunters had sterner work before them.

When one of them lost sight of the other or became doubtful of his direction he shouted, and the cry was passed along until it reached the men at both ends of the line.

The stretch of woods is fully two miles deep along the Leonia road, but every clump of trees was inspected, from the outskirts of Fort Lee to the confines of Palisade Park.

There was no lagging, but at sunset the men had found no one, but Joseph Casper and his son, William, and they, too, had searched in vain. They asked no questions, for they knew well enough that their neighbors had followed them, because it was from these woods the Postmaster's innocent girl clerk had fled to alarm Fort Lee.

The marshal's men briefly discussed with the Caspers the best disposition of their forces. Other men, they knew, had set out from the fort and from Leonia after them, and were already scouring the forest to the east and west.

While they talked about the places where the scrub was thickest and ate the bit of lunch they had brought because they knew their task was a long one, it began to rain. In Fort Lee they have seldom seen such a downpour. The trees bent under their weight of water and rivulets formed everywhere on the hill-sides, but somewhere, these men believed, another man who would not mind the rain was hiding, and they were determined that the storm should not shield him. They scattered over the slippery hills, drench-



SHE ASSISTED THE POSTMASTER.

ed to the skin every man of them, and went over that two-mile stretch of cove again from Palisade Park back to Leonia and on to Fort Lee. They found no more than the rain-soaked trees and rocks, and then at half-past 1 o'clock the next morning they dragged themselves back to their homes. The hunters were exhausted. For a time at least the quarry was safe.

The chase was renewed again early the following morning and kept up all day. The Caspers were out before all. They had left their home filled with women and girls, who had come from the country about them to sympathize with Mrs. Casper and her daughter. That was woman's work and well nigh hopeless at that. The men were in the woods again and the hunting party was larger than before.

They were hampered all day long by reports about loitering Italians, who had been seen here and there, by stories of wandering vagrants, who had been seen near Wood's Turn and Leonia. They found some of these men, but in every case they were so little like the man whom Miss Casper described, and whom she is certain she can identify, that they were not detained, but were allowed to go after being told that unless a man had work to do and was doing it Fort Lee was not a healthy place for him at present.

The men who were held up along the wooded roads lost no time in disappearing as soon as released. They had heard of the man hunt, and most of them knew that the man who was caught and kept would be taken to the home of Joseph Casper, if he lived long enough, and that then, if he were identified, he stood a chance of being handed over to the authorities. The hunters did not dwell upon that part of it. That was for the future.

The belief began to gain ground when the wooded country about Leonia had been so thoroughly and so

vainly searched, that the man for whom every one was looking might have made his way into Fort Lee immediately after the assault and found a hiding place there or in New York city. The police had already searched the Fort pretty thoroughly, but they were keeping a doubly sharp outlook when some of the men who had been in the woods returned discouraged, and said that not even a squirrel could have hidden north of Palisade Park without being discovered.

Paul John, a Fort Lee cabman, said that he saw an Italian, who answered in a general way the description given by Miss Casper, hurrying through the streets near the ferry during the afternoon. This, of course, is only a vague suspicion. The man could not have crossed the ferry on that day anyway, for a stout Italian with a black moustache would have been arrested there on sight.

Fort Lee itself is full of hiding places, and has hidden in its time men accused of many grave offences. But the man hunt which was begun on Saturday is not ended. Indeed, the hunters only returned when the darkness rendered it almost useless to beat the woods back of Leonia. As for the roads, there is little chance that the man who is wanted can escape by them, for every outlet is guarded. And, grave as have been the crimes of the offenders whom Fort Lee has hidden in the past, there has been none which has so enraged the community as this attack upon Joseph Casper's innocent daughter.

Fort Lee has asked but one question since Saturday morning. "Have they found him?" Until a late hour it was answered always in the negative. If it is answered otherwise while the community feels as it does

knees to the roadside. Then I managed to walk home as fast as I could and tell my father. I reached there at five minutes to 8 o'clock."

Miss Casper is quite sure that she can identify her assailant if he is captured, as she saw his face quite plainly. Every village near Fort Lee and Leonia has been furnished with a description of the man, and the roads are being followed by constables in carriages.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" SALOON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The "Police Gazette" saloon is, undoubtedly, the most unique resort of its kind. It is owned by M. B. Madden, of St. Louis, Mo., who operates it at 1225 Franklin avenue. The walls and ceilings are entirely decorated with engravings and supplements from back numbers of the POLICE GAZETTE, which have been artistically arranged by Mr. Madden, who appears standing in front of the bar. The "Police Gazette" saloon is one of the sights of St. Louis and is the headquarters for all the sporting men of that city. The picture which we reproduce on another page was especially photographed for the POLICE GAZETTE, by Strauss, the most prominent photographer in St. Louis.

GEORGE H. COONCE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George H. Coonce, whose picture appears in this issue, is one of the youngest of Uncle Sam's officials. He is only twenty-two years of age and was just able to take the oath of office when elected to the bench. He is also postmaster at Osburn, Idaho, having been appointed last October.

HUGH BOYLE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Hugh Boyle of Elizabeth, N. J., who has won many battles in the prize ring. Boyle fights at 106 pounds and he is to be matched to fight Jimmy Barry, of Chicago, Ill., in September in the Olympic Club at New Orleans, La.

EDWARD BURKE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Edward Burke, the little outfielder of the New York Club, commenced his baseball career at an early age. He accepted his first professional engagement in 1887 with the Scranton Club, of the International Association, where he gained considerable renown both as a batsman and a fielder. Since then he has been with the Toronto, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Milwaukee and Cincinnati teams, signing with the New Yorks at the beginning of this season. His picture appears in this issue.

JACK HUNT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jack Hunt is one of the best known sporting publicans in England. He runs the "Oxford and Cambridge" at Birmingham, England, of which Alf Greenfield, the famous pugilist, was the previous landlord. His resort is well worth a visit. Its walls are crowded with curios and sporting pictures of battles fought by great pugilists. Mr. Hunt weighs 17 stone and can beat nine out of ten publicans in a 100-yard dash. His picture appears elsewhere in this issue.

SHE USED AN AXE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The screams of a woman in great distress attracted the attention of Officers Smith and Lapalle at 4 o'clock one recent morning while they were standing at Seventh and Grayson streets, in Louisville, Ky. Following the direction of the sound, the officers entered the house at 625 Grayson street just in time to prevent a murder. In the hallway they saw Alma Harris on her knees, while over her stood Lucy Adams with an uplifted axe, in the act of striking the other in the head. The woman was quickly disarmed and placed under arrest. Blood was pouring from a long gash in the side of the other's head and from smaller wounds. She told the officers that the Adams woman had struck her with the axe and knocked her down and would have killed her had not the police arrived. Lucy Adams was taken to jail and will be tried as soon as her victim is able to appear against her. The cause of the trouble was a dispute as to which one should prepare breakfast for both.

WOMEN FIGHT A DUEL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The people of Buffalo, Wyo., were treated to a little excitement out of the ordinary recently. The streets were soon cleared of people, who dodged into doorways and alleys to escape stray bullets fired from pistols in the hands of two women duellists, Mrs. W. G. Angus and Mrs. Eva Bye. Both of the participants in the affair are quite prominent, and the occurrence has created a great sensation. Mrs. Angus is the wife of Red Angus, the Johnson County sheriff of rustic fame. Both of these women have been at dagger's points. It is said, over a family affair, and trouble has been expected for some time. After emptying their guns they retired to reload, but were prevented from continuing further hostilities. Mrs. Bye had Mrs. Angus arrested.

TWO GIRLS DROWNED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Rosa Berger, 18 years old, daughter of Fred Berger, and Anna Priest, the 15-year-old daughter of Daniel B. Priest, were drowned not long ago while bathing at Whitney's pond, one mile west of Glassboro, N. J.

The girls were bathing in company with George W. Priest, of Camden, and another young lady, but got beyond their depth. They stepped into a sinkhole and went down. Young Priest made a gallant effort to save the two girls and nearly lost his own life in the struggle. When he finally reached the shore he fell to the ground exhausted.

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BROKE HER PARASOL ON HIM
GOOD-LOOKING JIM KENNY PROVOKES ANNIE VAN DOREN AND IS ATTACKED, AT NEWARK, N. J.



SHE BATTLED WITH A BURGLAR.
A PLUCKY GIRL SURPRISES A THIEF AND STRUGGLES HEROICALLY WITH HIM, AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



THE VIGILANT WINS TWO RACES.

IN A STRONG AND TRUE BREEZE, THE YANKEE BOAT LEADS THE BRITISH CUTTER HOME IN GREAT STYLE, AT BANGOR, BELFAST LOUGH, AND AT KINGSTOWN, IRELAND.

IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD.

It Looks Like a Match Between
Maher and Choyinski.

ALSO DIXON AND MARSHALL.

Leeds will Claim the Lightweight Cham-
pionship if McAuliffe Won't Fight.

OTHER NEWS OF THE PRIZE RING.

Tommy Danforth, of this city, writes that his match with Tommy White will take place in Chicago soon.

Felix Vaquelin, the New Orleans heavyweight, has agreed to fight Con Hordan in New Orleans, if a purse is offered.

Frank Zimpfer, the 105-pounder, of Buffalo, wishes to try conclusions with Casper Leon for a purse before the Heald Athletic Club.

Bob Fitzsimmons is to box four rounds with Frank Kellar, champion heavyweight of Michigan, at Buffalo, on July 28. "Fitz" is to receive \$2,000 if he defeats Kellar.

The next big fight in England will be between George Crisp, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Jack Hawley, for £200 a side and a purse. The fight will take place on Aug. 5.

Danny McBride, the supple local bantam, declares that since Eddie Loeber does not show the slightest inclination to fight him, he will box anybody in America at 116 pounds.

Lachie Thompson, the Scotch welterweight, threatens to make another visit to America after a match. He had lots of chances the last time he was here, but he would not accept them.

Ed Smith is trying to sell out his saloon at Denver. After he succeeds he will come on to New York and issue a challenge to fight Corbett, Jackson or Fitzsimmons for \$10,000 a side and the championship of the world.

Billy Vernon, who reveals in being called the Haverstraw Brickmaker, is hot after Horace Leeds for a mill. Vernon says he will yield to any reasonable proposition so long as Leeds will let him have a chance to fight him.

There is a possibility of boxing being revived in San Francisco the coming winter. Several new athletic clubs are about to be organized. A strong effort will soon be made by the Californians to secure the Corbett-Jackson fight.

Dick O'Brien, the New England welterweight, whose steady course of victories was checked by Joe Walcott recently, announces his intention of re-entering the ring. O'Brien wants to fight anyone in America scaling between 145 and 150 pounds.

Mike Gisto, the boy champion boxer, has posted a deposit to box any boy in the country sixteen years of age, for \$100 a side, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Gisto and his backer will arrange a match when his challenge is accepted and his money covered.

At Bethlehem, Pa., July 18, in a six-round fight, Paddy Sheehan, lightweight champion of the Lehigh Valley, knocked out Pete Gillen of Philadelphia. Gillen was counted out on the twenty-first knock-down. He was pummeled frightfully. The fight was for a purse of \$100.

Joe Choyinski has two hard contracts on hand. He has signed to stop Mike Boden, the "trial horse," in four rounds, July 30, at the Isabella Theatre, Chicago, and a contract to meet Steve O'Donnell, August 14, at the same place, presumably for ten or twenty rounds.

Articles of agreement have been signed by Charley Kelly and sent to England to fight George Cortfield, of Sheffield, between the 15th and 27th of November, for \$2,000, a purse and the 112-pound championship of the world, and when it is returned, signed, the match will be made.

Frank Erne, of Buffalo, and E. K. Franklin were in New York on July 17 and called at the Police Gazette office. Erne looks every inch a fighter, and his ambition is to win the featherweight championship. Erne's next contest will be with Solly Smith, and will take place in Buffalo.

At Alexandria, Va., on July 19, the prize fight between Bill Young, of Washington, and Stanton Abbott, of Providence, for a purse, was won by Abbott. He knocked Young out after a desperate battle which lasted fifteen minutes. Young was put to sleep by a right hand blow on the jaw in the fourth round.

Johnny Griffin, the Braintree Lad, has hopes yet of meeting George Dixon. Griffin says he would be the happiest mortal in America if Dixon would only consent to meet him. "If Dixon whips me," adds Griffin, "I will retire from the ring satisfied that I have seen my best days. I think, though, that I am his match after all."

Martin Flaherty, the well known featherweight boxer, writes from Lowell, Mass., as follows: "I see that A. C. Hall offers to put up a purse for any boxer to meet Bob Gaffney at 122 pounds. If a guarantee and expenses are sent to the Police Gazette I will fight Gaffney eight, ten or twenty rounds. My address is Harris Hotel, Lowell."

Paddy McCarthy, the well-known lightweight pugilist who recently fought Billy Ahearn, has bought out a new sporting house at 461 Third avenue, near Thirty-first street. He will have a grand opening on Monday, July 30. McCarthy intends to challenge Billy Ahearn to fight him again in the fall, if he defeats Reynolds, for \$1,000 a side.

In reply to Connie Sullivan's dad, published in the Police Gazette, Sammy Meyers says that if Sullivan is really sincere in his desire to fight, he (Meyers) will accommodate Sullivan with a match on the double quick. Meyers suggests that the best policy which Sullivan could pursue to show his genuineness in the matter would be to post a forfeit.

At Philadelphia, on July 19, Joe Butler, the colored pugilist, was held in \$500 bail, by Magistrate Neal, for assaulting George Benham, seventeen years old, of the Falls. Butler, in company with four other men, beat young Benham unmercifully about two weeks ago, at the Falls, over a wrangle about watering a horse at a trough where Benham was employed.

The following challenge has been issued: Seeing the challenge of Jacob Grace to fight any 135-pound man, I will fight Grace at the above weight, before any responsible club or in private, for \$100 or \$500 a side. If this don't suit Grace, I will fight Mike Leonard, George Reynolds or Billy Ahearn, on the same terms, and will meet anyone accepting this challenge any day they may name.

Frank Erne, of Buffalo, with his manager and backer, has issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, July 21, 1894.
RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I will box any man in America at 130 to 124 pounds. I would like to arrange for a match with some New York featherweight, for a purse, before the Seaside Athletic Club.

Capt. John Zecwer, who made a wager of \$250 with Walter Lewis, of New York, that he could kill 95 out of 100 birds in a 50-yard boundary, and an additional wager of \$100 that he could

kill 97 out of 100 within an 80-yard boundary, lost both wagers. The matches were shot off together at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., on July 20. Capt. Zecwer killed 91 birds in the 50-yard limit and 94 in the 80-yard boundary.

Charley Day, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes that he has a boxer who he will match to fight any middleweight for \$500 a side and a purse. The unknown is said to be a clever lad who has proved himself something of a fighter already. He is especially anxious to meet Pat Hardy, and as soon as Hardy returns to Cleveland will challenge him for the "Police Gazette" medal for middleweights, which Hardy now holds.

On July 17 George Reynolds and Billy Ahearn signed articles to fight at 133 pounds with small gloves for \$500 a side, open for \$1,000 a side, and weigh four hours before entering the ring. The men are to fight within 100 miles of New York, at a place to be mutually agreed upon, on Sept. 3, when the referee is also to be appointed. Reynolds will train at New Rochelle, while Ahearn will train at Corbett's Hotel.

A prize fight for a purse of \$300 came off at Point Lookout, over the State line, in Pennsylvania recently. C. J. Moriarity and Mike Carney were the principals. Carney failed to knock Moriarity out in ten rounds, according to agreement, and Moriarity got the fight. The referee was George Johnson. Carney's seconds were Ed McConnell and Frank Mullen. Bob Floyd and Jack Campbell seconded Moriarity. One hundred people saw the fight. The mill was on the turf with two-ounce gloves.

The "Sporting Life," London, England, says: "George Corfield, of Sheffield (win or lose with Alf Gower), will be pleased to box Billy Plimmer in six weeks after his contest with Gower at the Birmingham man's own weight, twenty rounds, under Queensberry rules, with four-ounce gloves, for £200 a side. The match to take place either in Sheffield or Newcastle. Jack O'Brien is open to box any middleweight in England, for £100 or £200 a side; whilst D. St. John is willing to meet any heavyweight in England, for a substantial side wager. An answer through the Sporting Life, accompanied with a deposit, will receive prompt attention in each case."

Peter Daly, the lightweight champion of Delaware, challenges Charlie Gehring of Baltimore to fight at 133 pounds for \$500 a side and says he will cover any deposit Gehring's backer will post with the Police Gazette to fight in any place outside of Baltimore. Daly says: "When I recently fought Gehring in Baltimore I was robbed out of the chance of winning, the police stopped the fight in the second round to save him from defeat, five minutes later the referee gave his decision claiming I fouled him by hitting in a clinch, both of us had one hand free, but I was getting the best of it when they stopped it. If this don't suit him I will fight him a number of rounds and let him weigh a ton, in a hall, or theatre or club and give the game money to charity."

Horace M. Leeds, the well-known Philadelphia lightweight, writes to the Police Gazette that Jack McAuliffe is afraid to arrange a match to fight him at 133 pounds for \$2,500 a side and the lightweight championship of America or else he would cover his \$500 posted and agree upon a date for signing articles. Leeds says he will leave his money until August 22, and if McAuliffe does not cover it within that time that he will withdraw it and claim the lightweight championship of America and stand ready to defend that title against any lightweight for \$2,500 a side and the title. Leeds says he only wants to make a match with McAuliffe because he is supposed to be the champion of America. McAuliffe says he cannot fight at 133 pounds and that is why he is beating about the bush. McAuliffe will have to fight at the weight named by Leeds or give up the championship.

There was a desperate prize fight fought at Woodhaven, L. I., on July 18, between Sam Price and Bud Hardy. The men fought for a purse, according to "Police Gazette" rules. In the first round the first blow struck was a swinging left-hander by Price, which landed on Hardy's neck with the force of a pile-driver, and turned him completely around. Hardy was engaged the balance of the round saving himself. In the second round Hardy evened matters somewhat, but in the third Price used his left with excellent effect, visiting Hardy's neck hard and often. Towards the close of the round he landed on Hardy's jugular and felled him. Hardy was groggy for the balance of the round, Price generously refraining from putting him out. In the fourth Price rushed his man and hammered him all over the ring. In the last half Hardy rallied and fought well, but it was apparent that he was outclassed, Price having much the better of the exchanges. The fifth was short and sweet. Price started in to do his man, but in the middle of the round Hardy's seconds claimed Price had hit their man in the abdomen. The claim was not allowed by the referee, and Hardy quit.

It now looks as if Peter Maher and Joe Choyinski will be matched to fight for \$5,000 and the largest purse offered, as will be seen by the following received at the Police Gazette office from Choyinski's backer and manager:

CHICAGO, July 21.
Charles E. Davies, better known as the Parson, Joe Choyinski's backer, in reply to the challenge of Peter Maher to meet Choyinski for \$2,500 a side and the largest purse, states Choyinski will arrange a match to meet Maher for \$2,500 a side and the largest purse offered by the Olympic Club, Florida or Sea Side Club, and when Maher's backer posts a forfeit it will be covered.

On receipt of the above at the Police Gazette office the following was sent to Chicago:

NEW YORK, July 21.
CHARLES E. DAVIES, 219 South Clark street, Chicago.—John J. Quinn, the backer of Peter Maher, the Irish champion, has \$500 forfeit posted to match Maher to fight Choyinski for \$2,500 a side and purse, in Florida, New Orleans or Coney Island. Mike Haley, Quinn's representative, will meet you or your representative to sign articles any day you name.

At Detroit, Mich., July 19, in the free-for-all trot Lord Clinton made a new record for geldings and for himself in the first heat. The time by quarters was: 0:33, 1:04½, 1:36½, 2:09. He was never headed in the two following heats and won handily. Time, 2:09, 2:11½, 2:11½.

At Rockford, Ill., in the Cycling Club tournament July 17, Addison Burr, a scratch man, won all three events on the card, the 1-mile handicap 2:28 3/5, the one-third of a mile handicap in 0:47 2/5, and the ten mile race in 27:57. The ten-mile race was hotly contested, Ed Camlin finishing second and John Durne third.

James L. McCusker, the American swimming champion, sailed July 21 for Liverpool on the Warren line steamship Sachem. McCusker is to be matched to swim Joey Nuttall, who holds the world's championship for a mile swim, the contest to take place in September. It will be for the international championship and a stake of \$5,000.

At Risleigh, England, in the Queen's Cup rifle shoot competition at 500 yards the following were the scores of the Canadians:

Davidson and Bayles, 35 points each; Hayhurst, Turnbull and Ross, 32 each; Simpson, Moore and Bertram, 30 each; Mitchell, 29; Robertson, Curran and Williamson, 28 each; Case, 27; McNaughton, 20; Bruce and Milligan, 25 each.

A cable to the "Police Gazette" from London says: "Lord Hawke's amateur cricket team will sail for the United States on Aug. 9. The team is composed as follows: Lord Hawke, captain; C. W. Wright, J. S. Robinson, L. C. V. Bathurst, G. J. Mordaunt, G. W. Hillyard, C. L. De Trafford, A. J. L. Hill, C. R. Bardswell, J. H. G. Hornby and K. MacAlpine.

Henry Carter, known all over New England as a well-informed sporting man and boniface, died at Providence, R. I., on July 16, aged 60. He had suffered greatly from kidney trouble for months. Carter was at one time proprietor of the Brunswick, at Providence, and later he was landlord at the Revere. He was an authority on horse racing on New England tracks.

Ally Hereford, of Baltimore, who keeps the Hereford Hotel and Cafe, 1703 and 1705 Canton avenue, Baltimore, is one of the best known sports in that city. He recently called at the Police Gazette office and was surprised to see such a splendid building and magnificent interior. Hereford is a backer of fighting dogs, wrestlers and boxers, and has a tremendous following in the Monumental City.

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THE NATIONAL GAME.

The baseball championship is still creating considerable interest. Baltimore is still in the lead, with Boston second and New York third. The following table shows how the clubs stood on July 22:

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.	Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Baltimore.....	46	23	.667	Pittsburgh.....	40	35	.533
Boston.....	49	25	.662	Cincinnati.....	34	38	.472
New York.....	43	29	.597	St. Louis.....	33	42	.440
Cleveland.....	40	31	.563	Chicago.....	29	44	.399
Brooklyn.....	38	30	.559	Louisville.....	24	49	.329
Philadelphia.....	36	31	.537	Washington.....	20	54	.270

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

The following special cables were received at the "Police Gazette" office during the week:

LONDON, July 16.
RICHARD K. FOX—Teddy Mills, the ex-champion 10-mile runner, died at Brighton to-day. In the sixties Mills was the 3 and 10-mile champion of England. He died wealthy.

George Johnson has accepted challenge of George Dixon, and will fight the latter at 8 stone 7 pounds for "Police Gazette" belt, £200 a side and purse, in National Sporting Club, or any pugilist in America, same conditions.

Jem Howe, who trained Jem Smith when the latter fought Jake Kilrain for £2,000, "Police Gazette" belt and championship of the world in France, died to-day.

LONDON, July 17, 1894.
George Johnson awaits reply from George Dixon and wants articles forwarded and deposit posted for the proposed match.

George Crisp and J. Hawley fight on August 5 for £200 at Newcastle.

Richard K. Fox, the American promoter of sports and proprietor of the Police Gazette, attended the Oxford-Yale contests yesterday. In an interview he said that Yale's representatives were handicapped by the climate and from the fact that their opponents were technically the inter-collegiate champions of England, while Yale's athletes did not have that standing in athletics in America, for they had not won any track championships. If the best athletes representing Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Cornell and Columbia were to compete against the champion athletes of Oxford and Cambridge America would have been better represented. Mr. Fox proposes an inter-collegiate international contest upon these conditions for the championship of the world. He will donate valuable prizes and a set of championship colors to the college winning the greatest number of points.

LONDON, July 19, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—James J. Corbett's manager, Wm. A. Brady, sailed for New York to-day on the Britannic. Corbett will sail on the Majestic on July 25. The latter says on his arrival in America he will arrange a match with Peter Jackson. John Loris, the American champion rifle and revolver shot, has issued a challenge to shoot against Kilcrist or Fowler for £200. Richard K. Fox has offered to back him to shoot against Capt. Fowler.

Dan O'Leary is to manage an international 6-day go-as-you-please race at Chicago in October.

The annual open games of the Pastime A. C. will take place at the club grounds, Sixty-sixth street and East river, on Aug. 25.

In the free-for-all race for pacers for \$2,000, at Detroit, Mich., July 18, Flying Jib was left at the post. Robert J., by Jay Gould-Geraldine, won in three straight heats. Time, 2:09½, 2:08½, 2:08½.

At the shooting tournament at Bisleigh, England, last week, the bronze medal for the first stage of the competition for the Queen's cup was won by Corporal Bailey, of the Third Surrey Regiment.

At Kingston, Ireland, on July 19, in the regatta of the Royal St. George Yacht Club, the American 10-rater Dakota won the Champion cup, value £125, with £35 added, beating the Thalia, Luna and Thelma.

Harry Wheeler, the American wheelman, won the 2,000 metre race for the Flanders Prize at Paris, France, on July 18. Heboul won the Bruges Prize in the race over a 1,400 metre course, and Crooks was second.

Charley Wagner, the owner of Jack Napoleon, writes: "Seeing Thomas Hancy's challenge to fight his 38-pound dog against my dog Jack, for \$200, please state that I will give him a fight at catchweight, for \$200 or \$300, to be a private fight."

At Waltham, Mass., on July 17, Walter Sanger established a world's bicycle record at the Waltham track, lowering the unpaced mile mark more than four seconds. Fournier, the Frenchman, rode the fastest previous unpaced mile in Paris last season in 2:16. Sanger did the trick in Waltham in 2:11 2/5.

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At Detroit, Mich., July 18, the great event of the day, the Merchant's and Manufacturers' Stake race for \$8,000, proved the taniest affair of the meeting so far. Rex America was a hot favorite, but was never a factor in the race. J. M. D. was never headed in any of the heats, though he was forced to lower his record (2:16½) made on a half mile track July 4, 1894. He won in three straight heats. Time, 2:16½, 2:16½, 2:15½.

The Lakeview Handicap, for two-year-olds, at six furlongs, worth \$4,160 to the winner, was run at Washington Park, Chicago on July 20, and like the majority of the stake events at this track it was won by an outsider in the betting. The lucky horse this time was Gath, a bay son of Donald A. and Mollie Merrill, at 8 to 1. He won in a drive by a head from Lisak, with the 7 to 5 favorite, Frank K., in third place, five lengths away.

At Hartford, Conn., on July 19, there was a pigeon shoot between O. R. Dickey, W. W. Bennett and F. E. Bennett, crack trap shooters from Boston, and Fred Riskey. The event was won by Fred Riskey, of East Hartford, who made 50 birds straight. O. R. Dickey and W. W. Bennett each made 29. Riskey made 124 birds without a miss from fifty traps, known angles, Keystone system. His shooting was of phenomenal order. This record of 124 straight is the best ever made in the State at trap shooting.

The Rajah of Kolapore's Challenge Cup, competed for by teams of eight, seven shots at 200, 500 and 600 yards, was recently shot at Riskey, Eng. The cup will be held for one year by the team making the highest aggregate score. Summary:

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
England.....	239	231	229	699
Canada.....	233	214	230	677
Germany.....	233	211	198	655
Guernsey.....	225	215	215	651

John L. Brewer and James A. Van Brackle shot a hundred-bird match at the Midway Gun Club's grounds at Matawan on July 19 for \$500. Brewer used a 12-bore gun at 30 yards, and Van Brackle a 12 bore gun at 36 yards. The contest was very exciting. Most of the birds were strong and lively flyers. The match resulted in a tie, both men missing 9. Brewer made a double shot which was loudly cheered. As the trapper pulled two of them broke, and the bird in each was liberated. Brewer killed both birds with ease. Van Brackle stood to win until his 97th bird, which fell dead just outside the boundary.

At Chicago, on July 18, the usual surprise awaited the talent in the Quickest Stakes, the two-year-old affair, which was the feature of the day's racing. W. P. McGrane added Frank K. before the racing began, and at odds of 50 to 1 Blaylock landed him a winner in a drive by half a length from Flying Dutchman, who was only a nose before Lisak. The winner is a bay colt by Fonso—Belle of Brooklyn, and has already a stake at Hawthorne Park to his credit. The race was worth \$3,360 to the winner. The time, 0:48½, marks a fast race, "he first quarter being run in 24 seconds. The distance was half a mile.

The dog fight between A. L. Hersford's "Sleepy Dick" and a brindle dog owned by an East Baltimore sporting man, was fought in Baltimore recently. The dogs fought for \$250 a side, according to "Police Gazette" rules. At the start Hersford's dog had the better of the engagement, and he showed much more strength than the brindle. After 15 minutes of fast fighting the brindle, by a lucky snap, caught the white fellow by the hindquarters and held on in spite of the furious plunges of the latter. The white fellow showed great pluck and endurance, and for the last quarter of an hour made a strong and determined fight.

Fantasy broke the four-year-old trotting mare record at Saginaw, Mich., on July 14, 1894, by covering the ground in 2:09. Her own best record is 2:08½, made last season as a three-year-old. At Hamilton, Ont., she trotted a mile in 2:10, showing that she is in great condition. As the best mile to date of the five-year-old champion Alis is 2:11½ it looks as if the Buffalo mare will be the coming sensation and the probable successor of the trotting queen Nancy Hanks. 2:04. She made the quarter in 0:34½, the back stretch quarter in 0:32½ and the up turn in 0:30½. Swinging into the home stretch her finish down the last quarter was in 0:31½, the mile in 2:09. It was the best mile of the year. She came the last half in 1:02½, a 2:05 gait.

A grand international sword combat will be held at Island Park, Paterson, N. J., on July 28. The combat is open to all comers, and the following well-known champions will uphold their titles against the stars: Capt. Duncan C. Ross, the American champion, who carried the Stars and Stripes to victory at Madison Square Garden World's Tournament; Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish Giant, who has unhorsed all his opponents so far; Chevalier Greco, of the Royal School of Arms, Italy; Lieut. Al Hartung, Seventh Uhlan Cavalry, champion of Germany, and Prof. Northwick Reid, champion of Scotland, victor in 96 combats. This will be the most important meeting of swordsmen since the World's Tournament at Madison Square, and the more interesting from the fact that a strong personal feeling exists between some of the combatants.

The annual track and field meeting of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, which includes not only New York city, but also New Jersey and considerable other territory, took place at Saratoga on July 21. The following are the summaries:

One Hundred Yard Run.—First heat—Won by E. W. Allen, N. Y. A. C.; E. Seidler, N. J. A. C., second; time, 10 3/5 seconds. Second heat—Won by T. J. Lee, N. Y. A. C.; S. A. Coombes, N. J. A. C., second; time, 10 3/5 seconds. Final heat—Won by Lee; Seidler second; Allen third; time, 10 3/5 seconds.

One Mile Walk.—Won by S. Liebgold, Pastime A. C.; T. W. Letson, N. Y. A. C., second; L. Liebgold, N. J. A. C., third. Time, 6 minutes 51 1/5 seconds.

One Hundred and Twenty Yard Hurdle.—Won by S. Chase, N. Y. A. C.; F. C. Puffer, N. J. A. C., second; S. A. Coombes, N. J. A. C., third. Time, 15 4/5 seconds.

Four Hundred and Forty Yard Run.—Won by George Sands, N. Y. A. C.; S. A. Coombes, N. J. A. C., second; H. S. Lyons, N. Y. A. C., third. Time, 52 3/5 seconds.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yard Run.—Won by T. J. Lee, N. Y. A. C.; E. Seidler, N. J. A. C., second; J. Backer, N. Y. A. C., third. Time, 23 seconds.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yard Hurdle.—Won by F. C. Puffer, N. J. A. C.; S. Chase, N. Y. A. C., second; J. F. Rinn, Pastime A. C., third. Time, 26 1/5 seconds.

Two Mile Bicycle Race.—Won by George C. Smith, W. Y. A. C.; J. G. Budd, S. A. C., second; W. Darner, N. J. A. C., third. Time, 5 minutes 32 3/5 seconds.

One Mile Run.—Won by G. O. Jarvis, N. Y. A. C.; A. J. Walsh, X. A. C., second; H. Jactina, N. J. A. C., third. Time, 4 minutes 32 3/5 seconds.

ANOTHER FISTIC CARNIVAL

To Be Held in September at the Olympic Club.

BICYCLING IN EUROPE.

Wheeler and Zimmerman Win Great Races in Paris.

BRIEF SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

The Chicago Fair Racing Association opens July 30, and from that on the two tracks run alternate weeks until November 15, when the local season closes.

Dr. W. F. Carver took his revenge on J. A. R. Elliott in the second match of the championship wing-shot series, defeating Elliott by a score of 94 to 92.

The 3:15 class pacing race at Detroit, Mich., on July 17, was won by Joe Patchen after T. N. B. captured the second heat, Joe Patchen winning the first, third and fourth heats. Time, 2:14½, 2:15, 2:13½, 2:14½.

Jack Raynor's dog, Hurry, and Tom McClain's dog, Paddy, both of Jersey City, have been matched to fight at 30 pounds for \$250 a side and pit money. Hurry is an imported dog, and recently arrived from Liverpool.

Bill Innes, a promoter of aquatics in England, says there is plenty of material both on the Thames and Tyne to develop into champions, but they lack supporters, and have no chance of displaying either their speed or stamina.

The Olympic Club will arrange no more fights for August but will give a week's carnival in September, and purses for Corbett and Fitzsimmons, Leeds and McAuliffe, Kelly and Tierney, O'Donnell and Choyinski, Barry and Royle.

The dog fight between Bouncer, owned by James Hannon, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Prince, owned by Ed Wilkins, of Bridgeport, was fought on July 15 near Stamford, for \$250 a side at 32½ pounds. Prince killed Bouncer in 31 minutes.

English critics only consider J. J. Ryan and Joseph Wright, the Canadian amateur oarsmen, second-class men, and it is the general opinion that there are numerous amateurs outside of Guy and Vivian Nickalls who could defeat them.

The New York and Sea Beach is the most popular route for reaching Coney Island, the great summer resort of New York. It offers special advantages to racegoers who attend the Brighton Beach meeting, as it is the only line that lands them at the very door of the race track.

Carl Abs, the famous German wrestler, of Hamburg, Germany, has written to a friend in this city that if any wrestler comes to Hamburg from America, even Evan Lewis or Ernest Roeder, and is able to throw him three times out of five trials at Grueso-Roman wrestling, that he can win \$5,000.

The 2:21 class trotting race at Detroit, on July 17, was over in three heats, as Roseleaf beat the foot of the party and was in front from the start in the first heat. The fleet filly from Chicago improved her record twice, the second heat in 2:15½ being now her mark. Time, 2:16½, 2:15½, 2:16½.

Recently, at Quebec, Louis Cyr elevated a dumbbell weighing 275½ pounds while practicing with one hand, and his brother lifted 54 pounds from the ground with one finger. There are none of the strong men, not even Cyclops, who is the next best dumbbell lifter to Cyr, who could duplicate the feat.

Everett C. McClelland, of Wheeling, West Virginia, the "Police Gazette" champion runner, writes that he is willing to run any man in America, England, Ireland or Scotland, from 10 to 25 miles, for \$500 to \$7,500 a side. He has written to Richard K. Fox to offer a championship trophy, stating he will defend it.

Charley Wagner writes to the "Police Gazette": "Seeing several parties have issued challenges to match their dogs against Jack Napoleon, please state that when they post a deposit I will cover their money and arrange a match for any amount from \$300 to \$500 a side. My dog has won seven battles since last January, and he needs a rest."

At Milwaukee, recently, James McCarthy, an ex-deputy sheriff and son of ex-Alderman Thomas McCarthy, aged 28 years, was shot by Dick Falls, an ex-pugilist. McCarthy and John P. Walsh attacked him, when Falls drew a revolver and fired four shots at his assailants. McCarthy was shot through the heart and dropped dead. Walsh was shot in the arm.

George Dixon's backer is waiting to clinch a match with Arthur Valentine for Walcott. A favorable arrangement of his plans will send the whole party abroad before many weeks have passed over. In case things don't turn up all right O'Rourke will start in to bring about a fight between Walcott and Horace Leeds at the lightweight limit for the championship.

The Richmond and Danville Railroad has changed its name to that of the Southern Railway Company. This line offers absolutely the best facilities for reaching all Southern points in the way of fast trains and through car service. It is the only line operating solid Pullman vestibule trains between New York and New Orleans, Atlanta, Jacksonville and Tampa, with through Pullman service, both dining and sleeping cars.

Madeline de Mora, the female champion fencer of France, who has created such a sensation by her victories, has issued a challenge to meet any female fencer in the United States with foil and broadsword for the championship of the world and £200 a side. Richard K. Fox has cabled de Mora he will put up a trophy if an international contest is arranged between de Mora and any American for the championship.

On July 15, at Hamburg, the race for eights was won by the Berlin Rowing Club, with the Kiel Club second, and the Thames crew third. The Emperor's prize for fours was won by the Hammonia crew, the favorites in the betting; the Mayence crew came in second, the Allemannia crew third, and the Tritons of Stein fourth. The Thames crew abandoned the race after covering about three-fourths of the course. The race for pairs was won by the Thames Club's crew, with the Berlin men second and the Hammonia third.

In the rowing regatta at Berlin some ill-feeling was caused by the Berlin crew protesting against the Thames Club crew, because the latter were said to have brought over a professional who had rowed for money prizes in both France and England. The fact was that the member in question, G. McHenry, had rowed with the Thames Club in the last Henley Regatta and had won the Steward's Cup. The English crew protested that this did not make him a professional, but the Regatta Committee supported the Berlin crew, and McHenry was retired in favor of G. G. Taylor. The English crew were defeated.

In the Twin City Athletic Club, Minneapolis, recently, there was a rattling contest between Henry Jackson, the Detroit Cyclone, and Frank Finnick, the Arkansas Kid. Finnick weighed in at 135 pounds and Jackson at 150. The Arkansas boy took the aggressive from the call of time and punched his black adversary all over the ring. Jackson swung right and left viciously, but was very wild and could not land effectively. At the end of the first round, which was given and take all the way through, Jackson went to his corner groggy. In the second round Finnick went after the colored fighter as though he had only a few minutes to catch a train. After a dozen straight-arm punches with the right and left with no return speaking of, Jackson laid down to rest and was counted out. The match was given to Finnick.

The American wheelmen did fine work at the Velodrome de la Seine, France, on July 15. Harry Wheeler was second in the race for the Liege Prize, which was won by Louvet. In the race for the Valenciennes Prize of 2,000 metres Harry Wheeler finished second. The match between Zimmerman and Barden was won in fine style by the American. In the first heat of one mile Zimmerman finished five lengths in the lead. Barden gave up the second heat of five miles after covering but two miles, and Zimmerman covered the rest of the ground alone, his time for the total distance being 11 minutes 50 2/5 seconds. Zimmerman won easily in the final heat.

There is now every prospect of an international prize fight being arranged between George Corfield, of Sheffield, England, the 112-pound champion, and Charley Kelly, of New York. The latter recently accepted the English champion's challenge, which was cabled to England, and the following reply was received:

London, July 20, 1894.
George Corfield, of Sheffield, will fight Charley Kelly, of New York, at 8 stone, for £200 a side and purse. The fight to take place last week in October. Corfield awaits articles to sign to ratify the match.

In the 100-mile race of the Atlatlan Wheelmen from Newark to Princeton, N. J., recently, J. W. Conklin, of East Orange, reached the finish line first, at 3:13:30 o'clock; W. P. Clowan, of the Mercer County Wheelmen, second, at 3:22, and A. W. W. Evans, of the N. Y. A. C., third, at 3:23:20. Clowan and his thirty-three clubmates won the prize. Evans, who had a handicap of five minutes, covered the distance in 6 hours 8 minutes 20 seconds, and won the time prize. The first five men finished as follows:

Finish.	Name.	Handicap.	Time.
1—	J. W. Conklin, East Orange	0	3:13:30
2—	W. P. Clowan, Trenton	0	3:22:00
3—	A. W. W. Evans, New Brunswick	5	3:23:20
4—	John Stewart, Chatham	0	5:51:00
5—	E. C. Everitt, Hackettstown	0	6:54:12

Miss Ellen Englehart, the female champion fencer of the world, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with her backer, posted \$100 and issued the following challenge:

New York, July 20, 1894.
Richard K. Fox—Seeing a challenge issued by Miss Urbank to fence any lady fencer in the world for the championship, I wish to state that I hold the championship, and not Anna Urbank. Now, if the latter is anxious to arrange a match, I will meet her with foil or broadsword, either on foot or horseback, in New York or Chicago, for \$250 or \$500 a side and the female fencing championship of the world. To show I am in earnest, my backer has posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox for Miss Anna Urbank to cover. Should she fail to accept this proposition, I will meet any female in the world upon the same terms.

ELLEN ENGLEHART,
Female Champion Fencer of the World.

Joseph M. Walcott, the champion welterweight of America, was married on July 17 to Miss Lizzie T. Dugan, of the West End, Boston, Mass., in the house recently purchased by the thrifty pugilist at 9 Sammit street, Paulkner. The wedding has been for some weeks the talk of the friends of Mr. Walcott. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Peter J. Smith, pastor of St. Paul's Baptist Church, Boston, who several years ago tied the nuptial knot for George Dixon. Miss Annie Dugan, sister to the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. George Dixon best man. The ushers were Messrs. R. H. Holder, Joseph D. Gordon and Geo. T. Harlow. The bride wore white china silk, with lace. She carried a fan of white feathers. The bridesmaid wore pink dainty and lace. After the ceremony there was a reception until midnight. The presents, which were numerous, included a handsome blue set of dishes from Mr. and Mrs. George Dixon, and a silver parlor lamp from Mr. Tom O'Rourke.

One of the most exciting battles ever seen in light harness for a valuable purse took place on July 17 at Detroit, Mich., in the contest for the Horsemans stake. The driving club made two races out of this Futurity event, allowing \$11,000 of the whole sum received for the first one. This includes \$1,000 for a big cup for the breeder of the winner. The balance of nearly \$9,000 is reserved for a consolation race. Ten speedy 4-year-olds came out for the main stake, and the grand stand, with a seating capacity of 5,000, was filled. In all over 7,500 were present when the sport began. Six heats were trotted, and Dancont won. Summary: Four-year-olds, Horsemans stake, \$11,000.
Dancont, b. o. Ambassador-Lowland Girl, by Legal Tender, Jr. (Maloney)..... 1 2 6 1 1
Nemolene, b. f. by Jersey Wilkes (Hange)..... 4 1 1 3 2
Silicon, b. f. (Hickok)..... 2 4 9 2 4
Margrave, r. o. (Dickerson)..... 5 3 2 5 8
Altivo, b. o. (McBorell)..... 10 7 4 4 5
Unkmet, ch. o. (Star)..... 8 8 8 7 5
Bernadotte, b. o. (Davis)..... 5 6 7 6 4
Wistful, b. f. (Fuller)..... 7 5 3 3 5
Lea, ch. f. (Dickson)..... 6 10 5 5 5
Gold Coast, br. o. (Marble)..... 9 9 9 9 9
Time—2:16½, 2:16, 2:15½, 2:17, 2:17.

John Loris, the American champion rifle and revolver shot, has frightened all the European champions at that sport. Loris publishes the following:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE Music Hall and Theatre Review, Sir:—I see a letter in your last week's paper from Capt. G. H. Fowler, which is a fair sample of his style. As a matter of fact none of my challenges have been accepted. As regards the boy, ask the *Sporting Life*; they admit I have been only too willing to come to terms. As to the lady, this is only a bluff of Fowler's. As regards Elliott, I have heard nothing from him, but I hear he is now in London, and I shall be most pleased to meet him. But, Mr. Editor, there is one question I should like to ask. Why does Fowler continually shelter himself behind other people? Why does he not meet me himself? Your readers can fill in the answer. My medal was presented to me by Richard K. Fox, the well-known proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, of New York, and it is engraved "Champion of America." I value this as a token of my skill, and for Fowler to say he does not envy me its possession only shows that the grapes are sour. Fowler is a fox without a tail, and he pretends he does not envy me my fine bushy one. Yours truly,

JOHN LORIS,
Holder of the American Championship
Trophy presented by Richard K. Fox.

At Alexandria, Va., recently, Hite Peckham and Jack Connors fought for a purse. Peckham was seconded by Johnny Young, of Brooklyn, while Connors was looked after by Jack Dougherty. Connors lowered way over Peckham, but Peckham evidently outwitted him by 10 pounds. The first round was enough to satisfy the Peckham adherents that their man would not lose the money they had wagered on him. When the two pugilists came together Connors led and landed, but he had occasion to regret his action a moment later, for Peckham went at him full tilt and landed right and left, and scored the first knock-down with a full-swing left-hander, which floored and dazed the Jerseyman. A hot exchange ended the round, in which Peckham had all the best of it. In the second round both men concluded to mix up matters, and it was a case of get together and break away all through the 3 minutes that the round lasted. Peckham jabbed his man hard and often, one punch in the ribs sounding to the audience as if Peckham had hit a bass drum. It was in this round that Connors received his worst punishment. He was game, however, and came up for another dose of the medicine in the third. Peckham now concluded to change tactics and play for Connors' head. Almost before the Jerseyman knew what he was about he got three hard punches square in the face. The last of the three started the claret going pretty freely. Both men then fiddled for wind until the sound of the gong ended the round. As soon as the fourth round came Peckham went at his man to "do him, and do him good." Straight to the mark went his short-arm jabs and long-arm swings, and poor Connors quit when the battle was fiercest.

RICHARD K. FOX AT HENLEY.

Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the *National Police Gazette*, New York, visited Henley and took a look at the flying Hibernians, as he wanted to see how the English boat compared with the American racing launches, the *Northwood* and *Yankee Doodle*. He was very much impressed with Mr. Labat's beautiful craft.—*The London Sporting Life*, July 7, 1894.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

L. L. S., Elwood, Ind.—B wins.
A. B. T., Port Carbon, Pa.—B wins.
H. B. D., Uniontown, Ky.—The bet is off.
Reader, St. Louis, Mo.—He is an American Hebrew.
Reader, St. Louis, Mo.—The bet is off; neither wins.
F. M. B., Danbury, Conn.—The bet is off; neither wins.
T. W., Boston, Mass.—We do not understand your query.
J. H., Jacksonville, Fla.—There is no trophy for such feats.
E. J. C., Berkeley, Va.—We do not know what he was worth.
FINCHIE, New York.—It can insist on dealing if it is his deal.
G. A. G., Danielsonville, Ct.—No; you must defeat him to win.
A. W. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We do not know the horse you refer to.
F. G., Milwaukee, Wis.—Send on a forfeit and you can secure a match.

Reader, —, Peter Jackson and Frank P. Slavin fought 10 rounds.
Subscriber, Greenville, Miss.—Jim Hall defeated Bob Fitzsimmons in Australia.

S. T. R., No. walk, Ct.—1. Yes. 2. Address a letter to the Fall River line, West street, New York.

L. P. F., Chicago, Ill.—1. There is no official record for horses at the distance you name. 2. About 150 miles.

P. B. O'L., Kingston, Pa.—A letter addressed to John L. Sullivan, care of the POLICE GAZETTE, will reach him.
FANCY, Harrisburg, Pa.—We publish the "Dog Pit" which relates to fighting dogs only. Send 25 cents for a copy.
Sam's Inn, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—Neither Jackson or Corbett fought with an injured arm. Jackson had a sprained ankle.

A. B. C., Helena, Mont.—The longest broad jump on record is 29 feet 7 inches, made by John Howard at Chester, England.

A. J. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—There are only four classes, feather, light, middle and heavyweight. The other classes are specials.

WISNOT, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tom Sayers was a middleweight and fought at 145 pounds, 150 pounds, and the heaviest 154 pounds.

C. J. R., Shelton, Neb.—It is an open question; one we could not decide because we cannot vouch for the millions owned by either.

A. C., New York.—Address letters to the parties at Brighton Beach Race track, they may answer. We do not keep such statistics.
N. P., Sparta, La.—1. Bob Fitzsimmons' weight when he fought Jack Dempsey was 150½ pounds. 2. Jackson never knocked Corbett down.

L. O., Chicago.—We cannot give you any information about the best route to walk from Chicago to San Francisco. Procure a railroad map and trace out a course.

T. W., Charleston, S. C.—George Dixon has never been defeated. Dixon holds the "Police Gazette" belt, but it does not become his personal property until he has held it three years.

J. J. A., Sheppardstown, Miss.—There is no match on between the pugilists you mention. When Corbett and Jackson agree upon a purse and place of fighting you will see it chronicled in the POLICE GAZETTE.

K. A. C., Allentown, Pa.—1. Jackson and Corbett only received \$2,500 when they fought in San Francisco, Cal. 2. Neither would fight in the club again because they withdrew the purse after they had fought for it.

J. T. E., Frederick, Md.—If the game was not played on the day the bet was made the wager was off, unless both parties agreed to let the bet stand until the game was played. If the game ended in a tie, then neither won.

F. N., Windsor, Can.—1. It is a blow struck with the back of the hand or wrist, the party turning round to deliver it. 2. Mitchell says they never fought. 3. 275½ pounds, by Louis Cyr. 4. He has no official record. 5. Yes.

H. H. H., Albany.—John L. Sullivan fought Paddy Ryan and Jake Kilrain for the championship of the world. London prize ring rules governed and no gloves were used. Sullivan's battle with Charley Mitchell was not for the championship, for neither Mitchell or Sullivan held the title at that time.

W. J., Syracuse, N. Y.—The fastest time for one mile on a bicycle, flying start, is 1 minute 54 4/5 seconds, made by Julian Fyfe Bliss, at Waltham, Mass., on July 14, 1894. Bliss' times were: First quarter, 28 1/5 seconds; half, 55 3/5 seconds; three-quarters, 1 minute 25 seconds; mile, 1 minute 54 4/5 seconds. The fastest time for one mile standing start is 2 minutes, made by Julian Fyfe Bliss, Waltham, Mass., on July 14, 1894. The first quarter, 32 seconds; half, 1 minute, 2 2/5 seconds; three-quarters, 1 minute 51 1/5 seconds; one mile, 2 minutes.

W. C., Boston, Mass.—The Britannia was defeated in the Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta in England, by the Satanis, on June 23, 1894. The Satanis was handicapped to allow the Britannia 2 minutes 40 seconds. This she cleared with a further margin of 1 minute.

S. W., Havre De Gras, Md.—William Perkins has been credited with walking 1 mile, heel-and-toe, in 6 minutes 25 seconds, in England. It is alleged he accomplished the feat on June 1, 1874. Just as fast walkers as Perkins have tried since to equal his alleged performance, and have not succeeded.

F. E. S., Boston, Mass.—There, of course, is a difference because different rules govern and gloves are used in glove contests while in prize fighting no gloves and spiked shoes are worn. John L. Sullivan (now retired) was the last pugilist to hold that title. James J. Corbett is the champion glove fighter.

A. W. J. L., Pekin, Ill.—In the international regatta at Providence, R. I., on June 7, 1892, the distance rowed was four miles with turns. The first prize was \$5,000. Wallace Ross was first, J. H. Riley of Saratoga, N. Y., was second, J. A. Ten Eyck of Peckskill, N. Y., third. Edward Hanlan and Robert Watson Boyd were unplaced.

H. W., Dallas, Tex.—1. We can send you the gloves. 2. The "Police Gazette" standard champion boxing gloves are the best because the padding used is better than what is generally stuffed in boxing gloves. The material is better; there is more spring and elasticity than in the majority of the boxing gloves and they are all hand made.

J. D., Philadelphia.—1. John L. Sullivan was never defeated by Charley Mitchell. On March 10, 1888, at Apremont, France, Sullivan and Mitchell fought for £500 a side according to London prize ring rules, without gloves, and the battle ended in a draw. 2. John L. Sullivan was only defeated once during his prize fight career in a contest with James J. Corbett, in which Queensberry rules governed and gloves were used.

T. W., New York.—The record for running four miles is not held by either W. G. George or W. Day. The fastest professional time for running four miles is 19 minutes 25 2/5 seconds, made by Patrick Cannon, at Glasgow, Scotland, on Nov. 8, 1888. He also ran the distance on a grass track in 19 minutes, 40 seconds, at Montrose, England, June 12, 1899. The fastest amateur time for running four miles is 19 minutes, 39 4/5 seconds, made by W. G. George on May 17, 1894, at London, England.

G. C., Kingston, Jamaica.—1. Cards show for themselves. 2. In the case of the jack-pot you mention it should revert back to the amount it contained before it was opened, each player drawing the sum he put in at the opening. There should then be a new deal by the player next in order. In most places the penalty for opening a jack pot without the requisite cards is a forfeiture of the amount opened for, leaving it in the centre to be played for. Progressive

jack pots, such as you speak of, are seldom played; they cause confusion.

W. F., New York City.—Patsy Reardon died in St. Louis. Reardon was born in 1837; weight, 142 pounds. Beat Lass for \$50, 39 rounds, 35 minutes, July 11, 1859. Beat Smith for \$250, 42 rounds, 1 hour 5 minutes, January 24, 1860. Fought a draw with Rooke for \$500, 36 rounds, 1 hour 15 minutes—police interfered—May 1, 1860. Fought a draw with Shipp, \$140 to \$100, 9 rounds, 1 hour 15 minutes—police interfered—and 27 rounds, 3 hours 10 minutes, darkness came on, April 3 and 8, 1861. Fought George King for \$500, 14 rounds, 3 hours 26 minutes; neither meant finishing and the referee declared it a draw, March 25, 1862. Beat Bob Travers (the black) for \$1,000; fought 7 rounds, 37 minutes first day—police interfered—met the following day, fought 53 rounds, 4 hours 5 minutes, July 15-16, 1862. Beat Jim Dillon for \$1,000, 56 rounds, 3 hours 11 minutes, two rings, Dec. 9, 1862. Match with Shipp for \$500; Shipp died in training, 1863. Fought a draw with Jack Rooke for \$1,000, 4 rounds, 1 hour 6 minutes.

W. F., New York City.—Nat Langham was the only pugilist that ever defeated Tom Sayers. He was only a middleweight and so was Sayers. The following is a brief record of Nat Langham: Nat Langham fought several battles beside his fight with Tom Sayers. He never fought Aaron Jones. Langham beat Ellis at Hinkley, England, February 2, 1843, in eight rounds. Beat Teddy Lowe in forty-three rounds, 50 minutes, at Long Reach, May 7, 1844. Beat D. Campbell in 27 rounds, 35 minutes, near London, England, June 13, 1845. Beat Gutteridge in 85 rounds, 93 minutes, at Bourne, England, September 23, 1846. Beat Bill Sparkes, the Australian champion, in 67 rounds, 63 minutes, at Woking Common, England, May 4, 1847. Beat Tom Sayers in 61 rounds, 2 hours and 2 minutes, at Lakenhead, October 18, 1853. Fought a draw with Ben Caunt, at 196 pounds, for £300 a side, on the River Medway, September 23, 1857. Sixty rounds were fought in 1 hour 29 minutes. Langham was 33 years of age when he fought and defeated Tom Sayers. He stood 5 feet 10 in height and weighed 154 pounds. Sayers weighed 151 pounds and was 27 years of age.

P. C., Cleveland, O.—The "Police Gazette" belt, representing the heavyweight lifting championship of the world, consists of eight heavy weight lifting championship of the world, consists of eight silver plates, 3¼ by 6¼ inches, and one large centre plate, 6¼ by 9 inches. In the centre plate is a picture of Mr. Fox. Above the picture is a heavy silver scroll, containing in solid gold block letters: "Police Gazette Strong Man Championship Trophy," below is a large green gold laurel wreath partly covering another scroll, having also in gold block letters: "Presented by Richard K. Fox." Underneath is a large solid gold fox's head with two brilliant diamond eyes, at the bottom in large solid gold figures, "1894." Around the top scroll is five gold stars with a large diamond of the first water, two rubys and two sapphires, with the American, English and German flags just above in gold and finely enameled. All is surmounted by a spread eagle 6 inches from tip to tip of wings. The two plates next the centre contain two gold frames for pictures of the winner and his contestant. The panels are joined together by a heavy silver cable chain, nine links to each panel. Over 125 ounces of sterling silver, and 100 pennyweights of fine gold were used in making this handsome trophy. It is the only trophy of its kind ever offered in America and is valued at \$2,500.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Al O'Brien, of Philadelphia, wants to fight Joe Walcott. Joe Walcott has joined the army of bicyclists. He purchased a safety the other day and he now can ride the bike very well for a beginner.

Dan Creedon and Billy McCarthy, the Australian middleweights, will box at the Olympic Club for a \$2,000 purse the latter part of next month.

Nearly all the boxers from 135 to 140 pounds appear to fight shy of Joe Walcott. Thomas O'Rourke says he will bet odds that Walcott can defeat Austin Gibbons.

Arthur Valentine will not fight Joe Walcott, and there is little use of O'Rourke making a trip to England with him. It is doubtful if there is a boxer in England able to defeat Walcott from 135 to 140 pounds.

Billy Myer, the "Breathe Cyclone," is not satisfied with the result of his recent battle with Stanton Abbott, and is trying to get on another go with the English lightweight for a purse and a side bet of any amount that is satisfactory to Abbott.

An effort is being made to arrange a finish fight between Jim Daly, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Jake Kilrain for a stake and purse. If the men come to a satisfactory agreement the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, will be asked to give a purse.

Ted Fritchard, in a letter to a friend in this city, writes that the English racing season will end Oct. 15, and his engagement with a well-known bookmaker will then expire. After that time he will be open to fight any man in his class in America.

Since the Olympic Club in New Orleans declined to offer a purse for Frank P. Slavin and Jake Kilrain to fight for, there appears to be a lull in the proposed match. Kilrain writes that he is still ready to fight Slavin, and will make the match to fight for \$2,500 a side.

Billy Madden has leased the exposition grounds at Buffalo for the purpose of holding a mixed athletic exhibition July 28. A heavyweight boxing tournament will be the feature of the show. The winner will receive 40 per cent. of the gross receipts, the second man 10 per cent. and the third 5 per cent.

In regard to the challenge of Jerry Marshall to fight George Dixon for \$5,000 a side and the featherweight championship of the world, O'Rourke says: "If the Seaside Athletic Club will give a purse and Marshall's backers will put up a deposit to fight at 118 pounds for \$5,000 a side, Dixon will meet him, but under no other conditions."

George Horchler of Buffalo would like to match Doc Kennedy, better known as the "Hochester Whirlwind," against any 100-pound pugilist in Western New York. Mr. Horchler is the backer of Kennedy, and is anxious to have his little champion in the ring before September, and will back him from \$50 to \$100 a side. His address is No. 48 Front street, Rochester.

George Lavigne, the pugilist, writes from Saginaw, Mich., to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows: I have returned home disgusted, that neither George Siddons, George Dixon or Young Griffo would give me an opportunity to show that I could defeat them. In Boston, I exhausted all my efforts to get a match with Griffo or Dixon, but had to submit to their refusals.

Bobby Dobbs, the colored lightweight, has sent a challenge in which he offers to fight Jack McAuliffe any kind of a contest, from 4 rounds to a finish. Dobbs will fight Billy Myer or Austin Gibbons on the same terms, with the exception that their weight be limited to 140 pounds, or he will fight Horace Leeds or Joe Walcott for the American championship at 133 pounds. If necessary he will concede a little weight to Walcott. Stanton Abbott he will fight at 133 pounds, and agree to stop him in 10 rounds.

George Dixon's successes do not seem to have the effect of diminishing the number of aspirants to his title. He virtually whips Griffo, who is conceded to be many pounds better than any other Australian featherweight; yet Jerry Marshall, a countryman of the latter, becomes inspired with the notion that he can do what better men than he have attempted and failed, and has ventured to challenge the redoubtable Bostonian. Singularly enough, Marshall has succeeded in inspiring others with faith in his fist capabilities, and they will back him for a goodly sum.

A Chicago exchange says: It now turns out that the match arranged between Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett to fight for \$10,000 in Chicago was a farce, and that it was only arranged to boom the Corbett and Jackson shows. It is doubtful if they will ever meet again in the ring, for Jackson is not the pugilist he was when he fought Corbett, while the latter has improved. It is also asserted that Jackson has never been the same boxer since he fought Frank P. Slavin, for although he won he received terrible punishment during the 40 minutes' fighting. Sporting men on the Pacific Slope think Jackson will never fight again.

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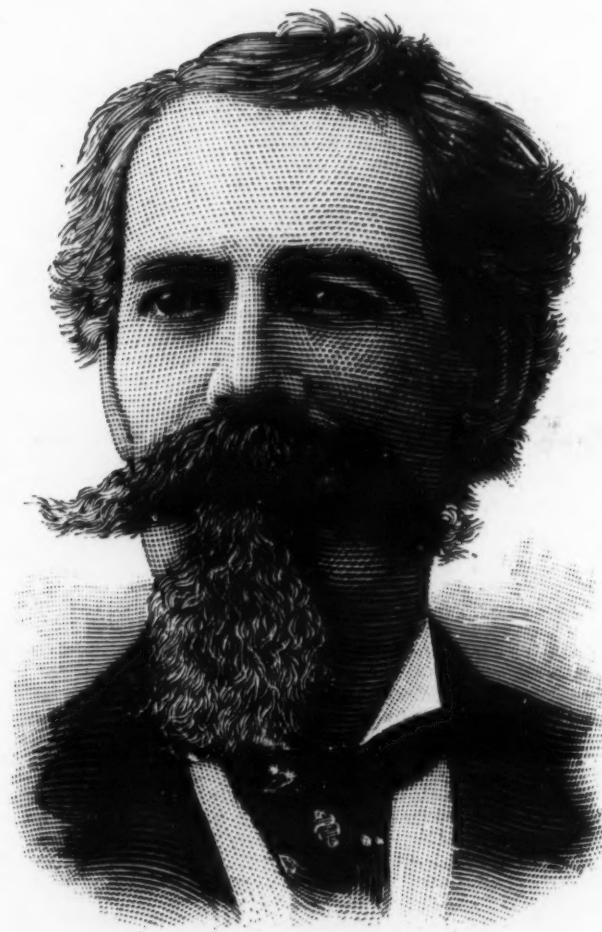
WOMEN FIGHT A DUEL.

TWO PROMINENT WOMEN OF BUFFALO, WYOMING, SETTLE THEIR LITTLE DIFFERENCES BY
COOLLY EMPTYING THEIR REVOLVERS AT EACH OTHER.



TWO GIRLS DROWNED.

ROSA BERGER AND ANNA PRIEST STEPPED INTO A HOLE WHILE BATHING AND LOST THEIR
LIVES, AT WHITNEY'S POND, NEAR GLASSBORO, N. J.



JOSH E. OGDEN,

A VETERAN THEATRICAL MANAGER, WHO IS NOW WITH
BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW.



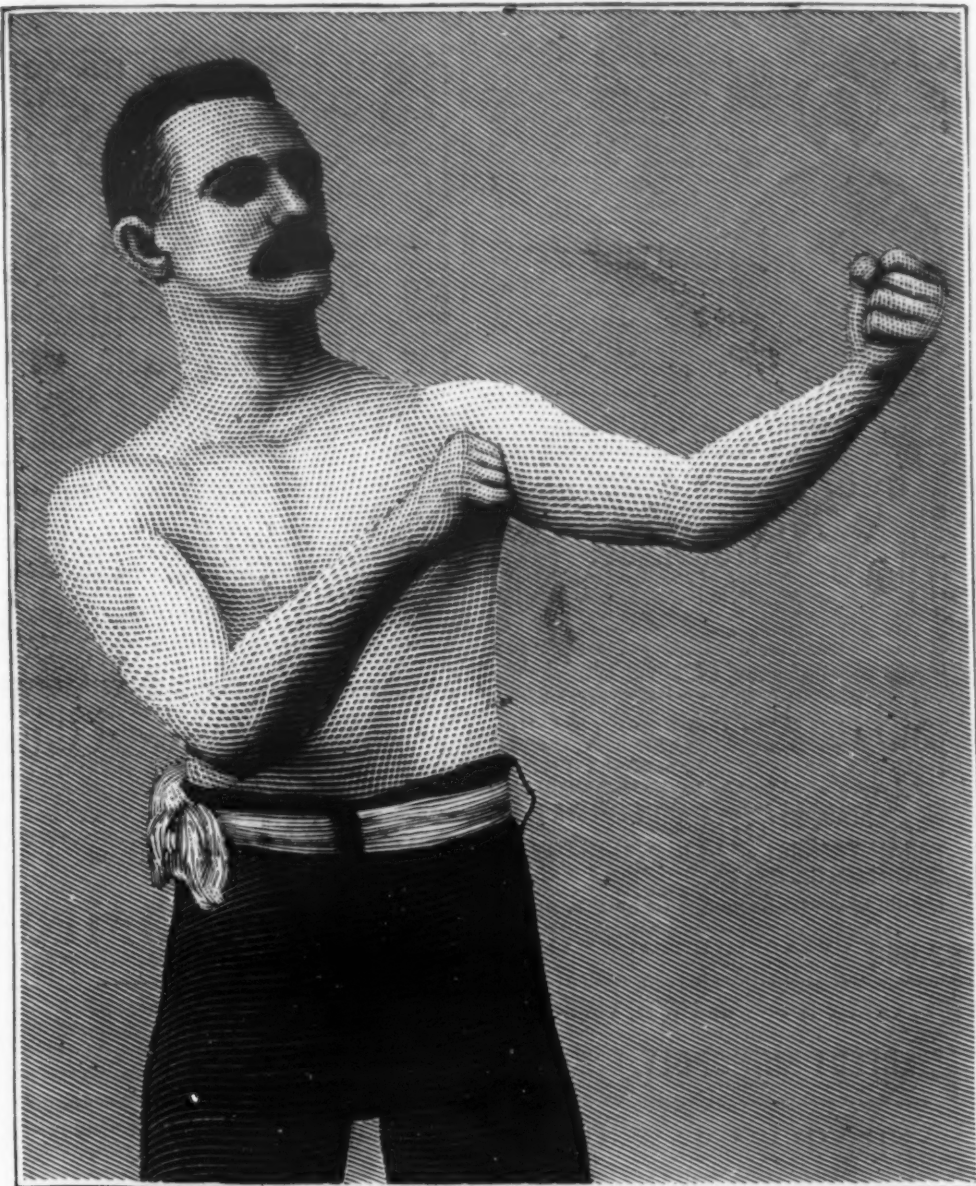
JACK HUNT,

A GENIAL SPORTING MAN, LANDLORD OF THE "OXFORD
AND CAMBRIDGE," BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.



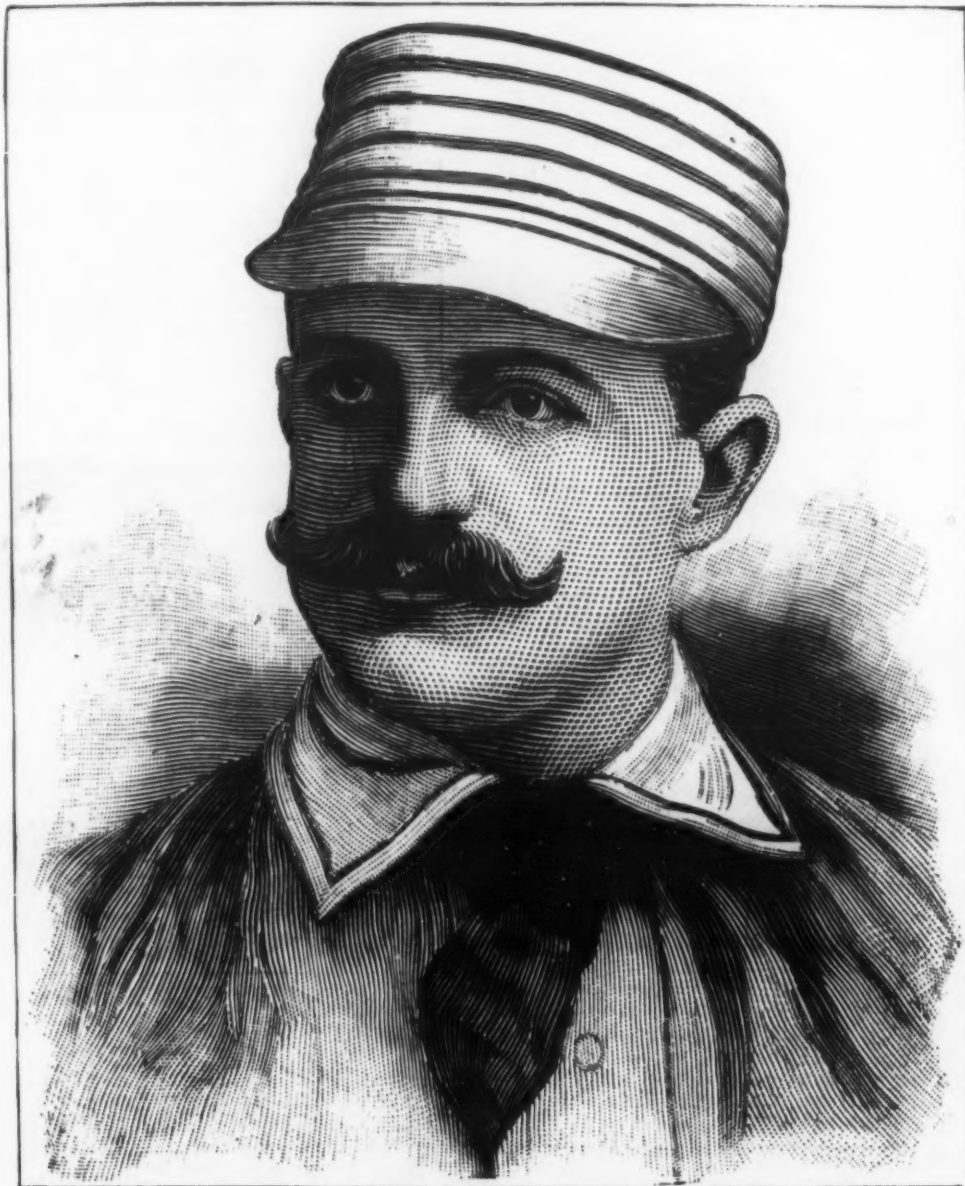
SHE USED AN AXE.

LUCY ADAMS MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO KILL ALMA HARRIS AT LOUISVILLE, KY.,
BECAUSE THE LATTER REFUSED TO PREPARE BREAKFAST.



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A SCIENTIFIC YOUNG BOXER OF ELIZABETH, N. J., WHO IS MATCHED TO FIGHT JIMMY BARRY IN SEPTEMBER AT THE OLYMPIC CLUB.



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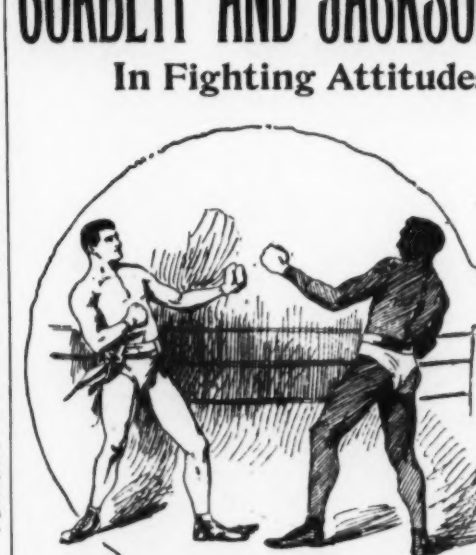
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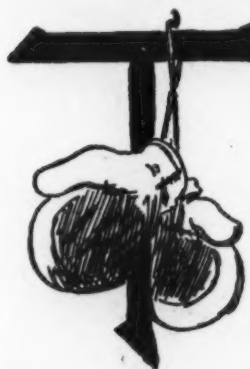
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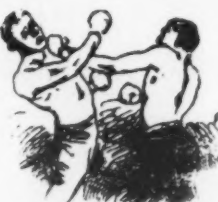
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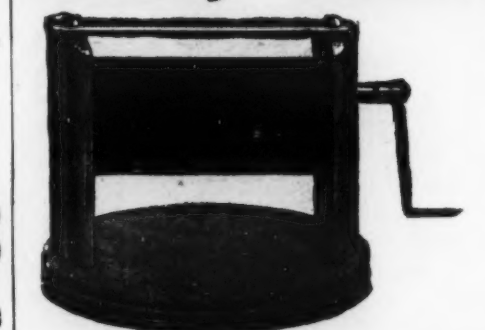
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